Mar. 29, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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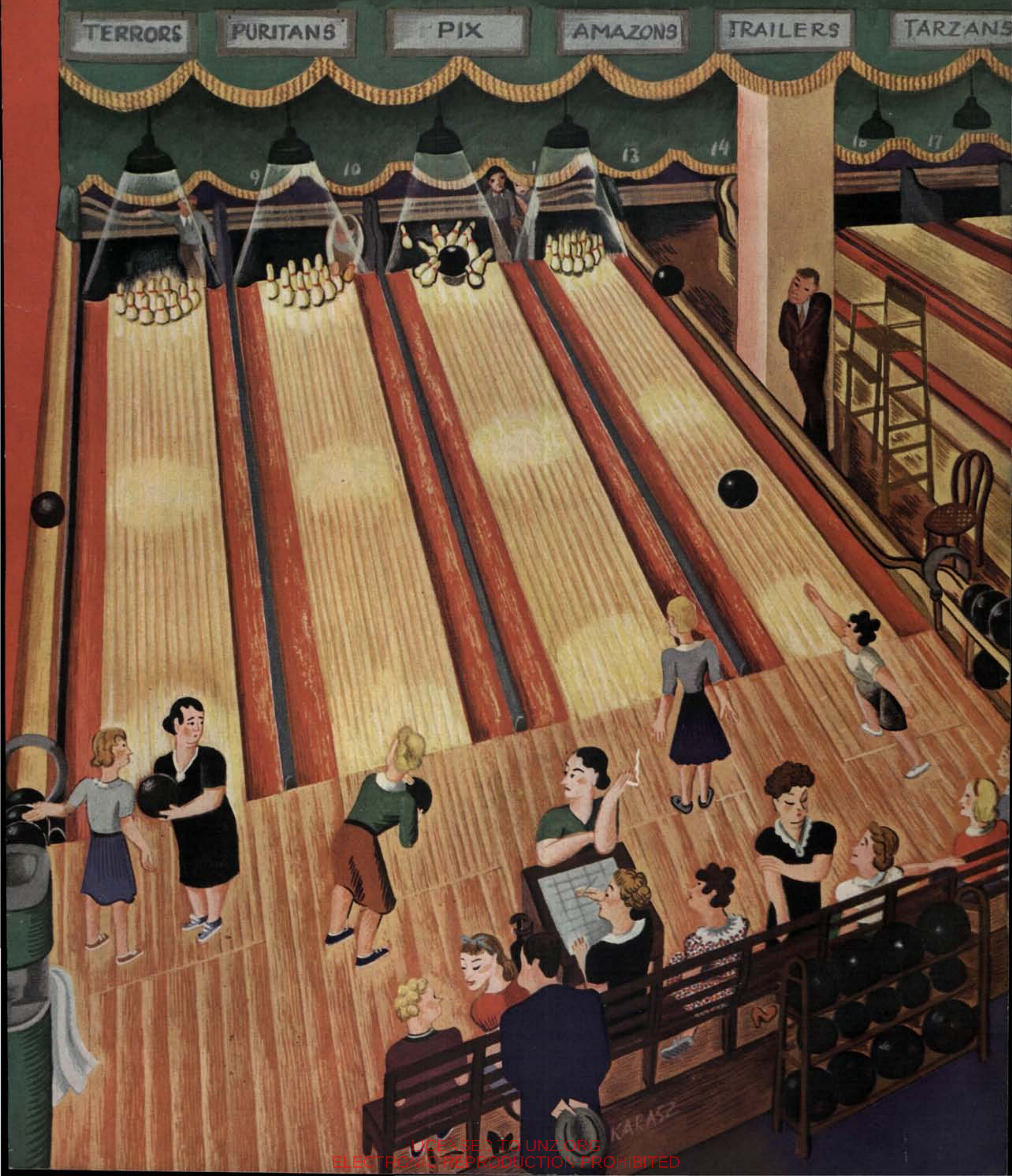
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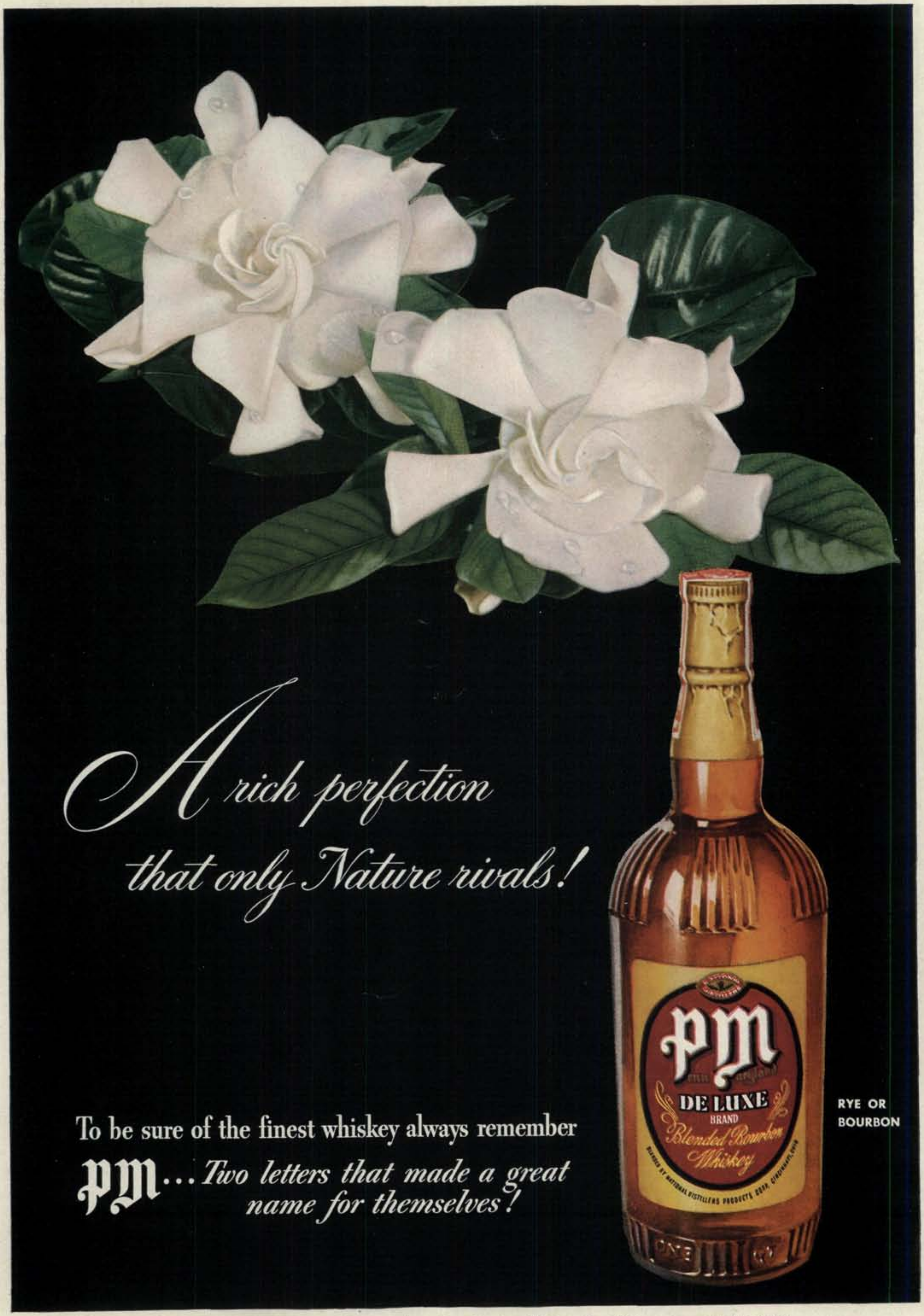
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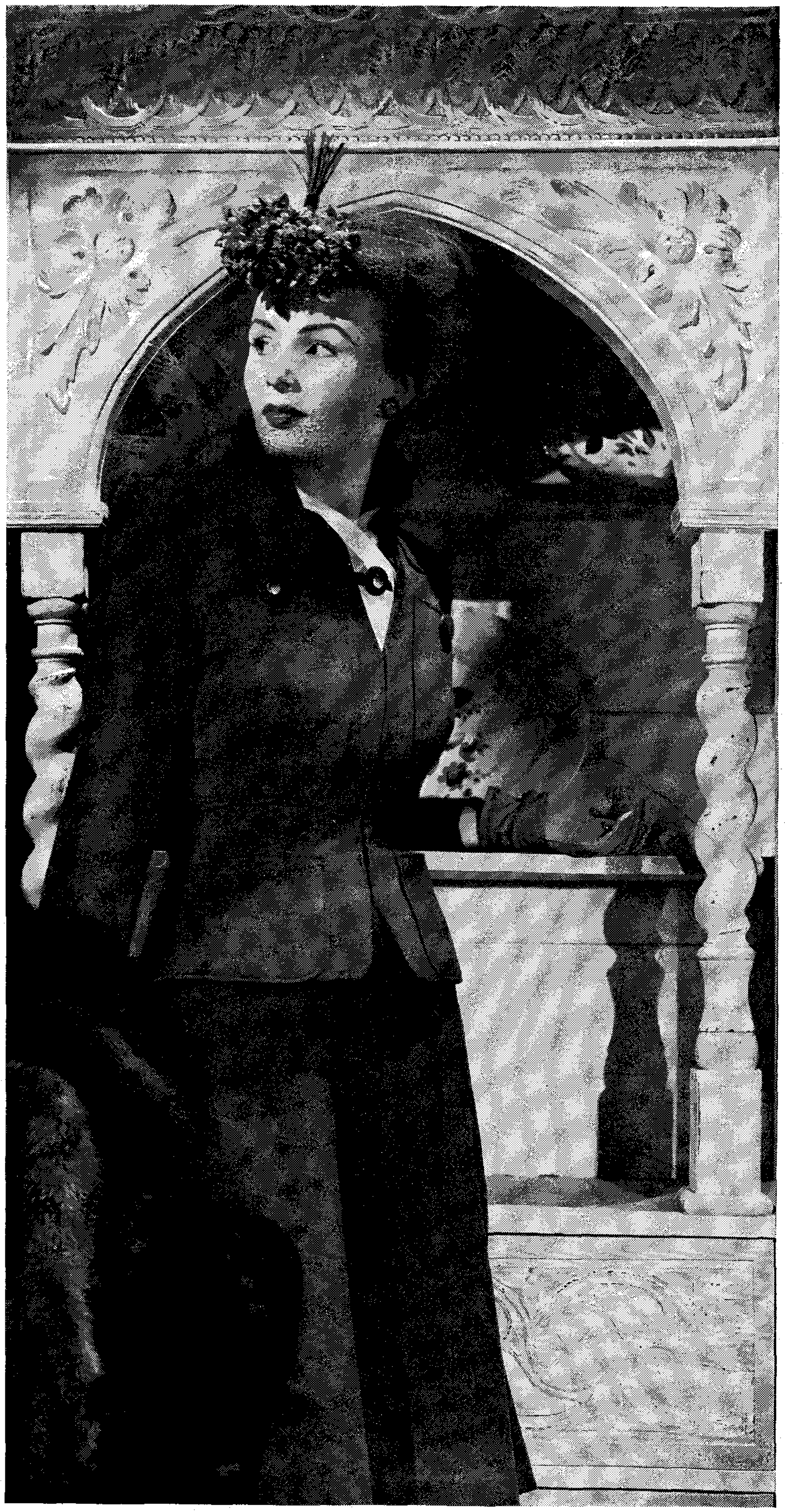

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Remarkable direction and a fine performance by José Ferrer make this old relic something you're almost certain to enjoy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but get a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., March 30, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—Bernard Shaw exposing medical and artistic morality on one and the same stage. A first-rate revival, with Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, Bramwell Fletcher, and Cecil Humphreys. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—A planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York debate the struggle against Fascism. Elmer Rice's play has its eloquent moments, although nothing much happens. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe are among those who appear. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—Mrs. North solves two murders and also puts the Homicide Squad in its place. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible in John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies. Pleasant and civilized, though a bit thin in spots. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A high-spirited farce having to do with the problems confronting boys and girls who want to get on the stage. A little professional assistance might improve it, but it is pretty funny just the same. Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael help a lot. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a small dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The Talley Method—Ina Claire and Philip Merivale in S. N. Behrman's uneven but generally interesting play about a doctor who tries to regiment his own household. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Gabrielle—Thomas Mann's short story "Tristan" made into a play by Leonardo Bercovici. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Native Son—A dramatization by Paul Green and Richard Wright of Mr. Wright's novel, staged by Orson Welles and produced by Mr. Welles and John Houseman. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now rounding out its third season, with the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson just as daft as ever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—This ice revue will reopen on Fri., April 4, in a new version. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is magnificent in Moss Hart's musical fantasy. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs, and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, Victor Mature, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A fine musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—The girls and the music in this Hollywood revue are both attractive enough, and you will probably have a pretty good time, even if a lot of it is familiar and some of it dull. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and some of his little playmates. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., March 30, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Watch on the Rhine—A play by Lillian Hellman, with Lucile Watson, Mady Christians, and Paul Lukas. Staged and produced by Herman Shumlin. Opens Tues., April 1. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Your Loving Son—A play by Abby Merchant, with Frankie Thomas, Lily Cahill, and Eddie Nugent. Opens Wed., April 2. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-1291. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth and Paul Draper—In their last appearance together this season: Sun. Eve., March 30, at 8:40. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229.)

The Fiddler's House—First performance here of the Padraic Colum play, with Augustin Duncan heading the cast. Opens Thurs., March 27. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042. Every night at 8:40.)

Greek Festival—A benefit for Greece, with a great number of celebrities appearing: Fri. Eve., March 28, at midnight. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50. CI 6-4600.)

College Shows—"One on the House," by the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club: Sat. Eve., March 29, at 8:30. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.) . . . "Hit the Road," by the Columbia University Players: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 3-4, at 8:30. (Hotel Astor. For tickets, call UN 4-3200.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Winnie-the-Pooh" and "The Pixy's Secret": Sat. Aft., April 5, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra play for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things, which should give you a good idea. Leo Dryer's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A not-too-literal dream of the tropics, with white palms, gleaming coconuts, and all. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Ernie Holst's orchestra, Don De Vodi's rumba band, and a Spanish dance team.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—Tito Guizar is now singing in this big and handsome place. Music by Ted Straeter's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra plays lots of waltzes for patrons of the Tapestry Room until 10 P.M. or so (until midnight, Thurs.).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The show in the perennial Persian Room includes Mary Raye and Naldi, Dick Gasparre's orchestra, and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra is now in its second year in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show, with Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin, in the Iridium Room, where Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde

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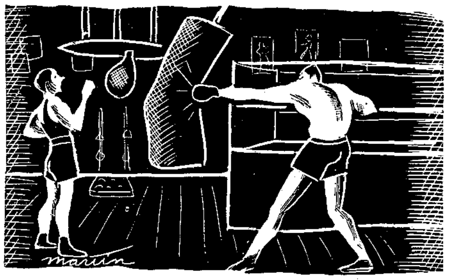
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

is all the patrons ask for in the Café Lounge and, with the exception of Bob Grant's orchestra, she's all they get. Her songs are well worth a hearing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones. Sheila Barrett and Paul Draper will replace Lou Holtz on Thurs., April 3. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leighton Noble's orchestra is playing in the informal Empire Room, where Adelaide Moffett sings.

SUPPER CLUBS—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a bandbox of a place, with *Mildred Bailey, Hope Emerson, and some others.* . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy has a fine collection of robust songs and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen contribute their share of swing. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence's sly songs may be heard every night, except Mon. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a pleasant-smelling log fire, and incidental music.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Danny Kaye, a dance team called Mata and Hari, and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **MONTPARNASSE**, *Madison at 79* (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically part of Carnegie Hall. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard are all in the new Billy Rose show. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White mixes the past with the present in a show headed by Joan Edwards, Ann Pennington, and Shep Fields' orchestra. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere, with Carmen Amaya, the gypsy dancer, and Pancho's rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, etc., every night, except Mon., in this Village landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Maxine Sullivan, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Lester Young's band are on hand every night, except Tues. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Babe Russin and his orchestra are playing here.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

AMERICAN FOLK ART—A small and extremely selective exhibition of early-nineteenth-century paintings and carvings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

ARONSON—Oils, almost entirely of performing circus horses, done with a great deal of grace and subtlety: New Art Circle, 543 Madison, at 55. Daily *10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through* Sat., March 29.

BELLOWS—A small collection of his paintings, showing he could be attractively gentle on occasion: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 5.

BOTKIN—Landscapes and figure studies, some of them reminiscent of Degas: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 5.

CARREÑO—First solo here by a young Cuban artist who at the moment seems to be torn between devotion to Derain and to Picasso: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 5.

CHINESE BENEFIT—Paintings and sculptures by contemporary American and Chinese artists in a benefit exhibition for the China Aid Council: Ritz Tower, Park at 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 5.

DE CREEFT—First showing of water colors and drawings—quite nice ones, too—by a man chiefly known for his sculpture: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

DRAWINGS—Wide selection of works, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, by artists of all schools: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 26.

ENGLISH—Hogarth, Whistler, and many others in a big show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and prints: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 12.

FEININGER—Large retrospective of his oils and water colors, from 1889 to the present. The middle-period works are the best: Buchholz and Willard, both at 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

FOSHKO—Water colors, subdued in tone but simply and strongly designed (through Sat., March 29); also, water colors by Czermanski (through April 10): Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

FRENCH—Dufy, Signac, Derain, and others in a collection of landscapes done between 1900 and 1940: French Art, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

GOYA—About fifty etchings, including some from the "Disasters of War" series: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

GROPPER—New oils and lithographs by this unfailingly productive and vigorous painter: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

GROUPS—At the **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: good paintings by Isabella Moncayo, Alan Brown, and others in this gallery's sixth annual group exhibition. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29. . . . **FINE ARTS**, 215 W. 57: some young blood is beginning to enliven the conservatism of the National Academy of Design, now holding its 115th annual exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through April 9.

KANDINSKY—An illuminating retrospective of oils and water colors that shows practically all one needs to know about his development: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

KOCH—Capably handled oils by a man who seems to have gone back to the Spanish painters for his main inspiration: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

KUNIYOSHI—Brilliantly effective drawings in a showing of recent gouaches and black-and-whites: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 5.

MIRÓ—Paintings, most of them recent, by a master of moon madness and fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Large showing of New York subjects, from seventeenth-century prints to modern paintings and drawings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 18.

PISSARRO—A retrospective exhibition of twenty-nine paintings, from 1864 to 1901: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.

RENOIR—Centenary exhibition, comprising works from all periods of his career, many of them rarely shown here before: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

SCULPTURE—At **GEORG JENSEN**, 667 5 Ave., at 53: small pieces by Saul Baizerman, William Zorach, and many others. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29. . . . **ORREFORS**, 5 E. 57: works by Carl Milles, including some amusingly quirky small sculptures. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 12.

SHOKLER—Oils and silk-screen prints of gently sentimental country scenes: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

SOYER—New paintings by an artist almost as gifted as Degas was at combining coolness and intimacy: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 7.

SPEICHER—Capably handled, generally attractive portrait studies in his first exhibition in seven years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—New York City as seen by the artists; a big, nostalgic showing that ranges from Henri and Bellows to contemporary painters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 16.

HERE AND THERE—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: group show of works by modern American and British artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 11. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE**, at 57: annual exhibition of the New York Society of Women Artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 5. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 113 W. 13: paintings by Ben Benn. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to *6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., March 31.* . . . **BRANDT**, 50 E. 57: paintings by Dutch artists of the seventeenth century. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: lithographs by Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Dufy, and other French masters. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 5. . . . **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Eugenie Schein. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; *through Thurs., April 3.* . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 15 E. 57: new paintings by Abraham Rattner. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 5. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: wash drawings by William C. Palmer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 12. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: sculptures by Fingal Rosenqvist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through April 12. . . . **STERNER**, 9 E. 57: sculptures by Catherine Barjansky and water colors by Jay Roland. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: gouaches by Joseph de Martini and drawings by Ivan Opffer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 7.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 29, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., March 30, at 3; Wed. Eve., April 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 4, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., April 5, at 8:45. (Soloists: Erica Morini, March 27, 28, and 30; Dorfmann, April 5.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting a revised version of the Bach St. Matthew Passion, with members of the Westminster Choir: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., April 1, at 8:45.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 3, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., April 5, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Fri. Eve., April 4, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

CHOIR FESTIVAL—The Columbia University Glee Club, the Emanu-El Choir, and other choruses: Temple Emanu-El, 5 Ave. at 65, Fri. Aft., March 28, at 2:30 and 5, and Sat. Morn., March 29, at 10:15. (For tickets, write to Temple Emanu-El.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting a Brahms program, with the Dessoff Choirs, directed by Paul Boepple, assisting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., March 29, at 3.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., March 30, at 5:30.

HARVARD AND RADCLIFFE GLEE CLUBS—Woodworth conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., March 30, at 8:45.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Morel conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., March 30, at 8:45. (Soloist: Renardy.)

BENEFITS—Carnegie Hall—Jaromir Weinberger and

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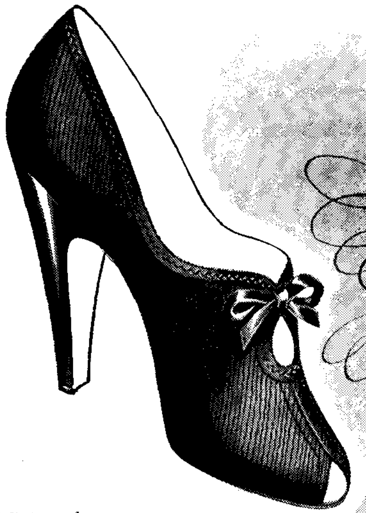

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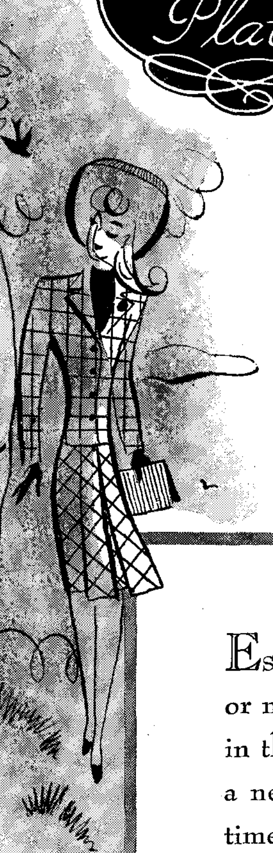

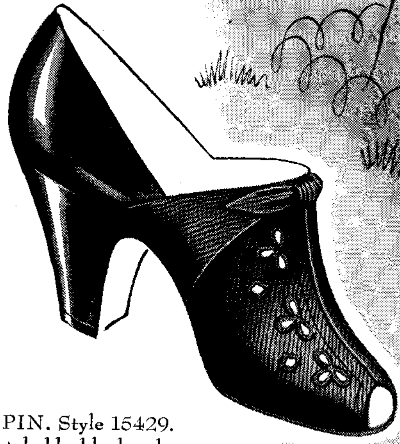

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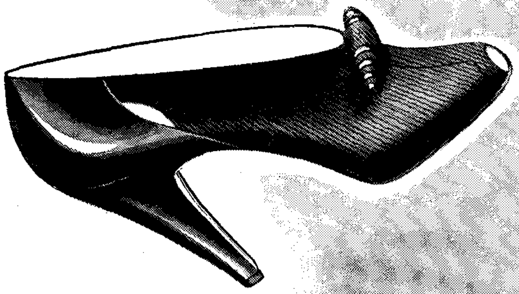

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

other Austrian composers conducting sixty-five members of the Philharmonic-Symphony in a program of Viennese music, with Kitty Carlisle, Ella Flesch, and other soloists; for the benefit of Austrian refugees: Mon. Eve., March 31, at 8:30. . . . Nadia Boulanger conducting forty-five members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, with several soloists; a Paderewski testimonial, in aid of Polish refugees: Fri. Eve., April 4, at 8:45.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Alexander Borovsky, Fri. Eve., March 28, at 8:40.

Town Hall—Frieda Hempel, Sun. Aft., March 30, at 3; Samuel Dushkin (assisted by the Farbman Symphonietta), Mon. Eve., March 31, at 8:45; Andor Foldes, Wed. Eve., April 2, at 8:30; Vivian Rivkin, Fri. Eve., April 4, at 8:30; Luigi Silva and Leopold Mannes, Sat. Aft., April 5, at 3.

Elsewhere—At the **MCMILLIN THEATRE**: Lauritz Melchior, Sat. Eve., March 29, at 8:30. (B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY**: Josef Hofmann, Tues. Eve., April 1, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Note—The League of Composers will present a free concert, with Eudice Shapiro and Irene Jacobi as soloists, at the Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42, on Sun. Aft., March 30, at 3.

OPERA

Salmaggi Company—"Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., March 29; "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., April 5. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707. At 8:30.)

SPORTS

Badminton—Eastern Intercollegiate Tournament: Fifth Avenue Country Club, 9 E. 46; Fri., April 4, at 2:30 and 8 P.M.; Sat., April 5, at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.; Sun., April 6, at 3 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Max Baer vs. Lou Nova, heavyweights, 12 rounds, Fri., April 4; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional championship playoffs, at 8:30 P.M.: tentatively, Thurs., March 27, and Tues., April 1.

Horse Show—Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., April 5, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Carnival—The Skating Club back again, with performances by group and solo skaters: Madison Square Garden, Fri., Sat., Mon., and Wed. Eves., March 28, 29, 31, and April 2, at 8:30.

Architecture—An exhibit called "40 Architects Under 40," showing, with drawings, photographs, and models, the work of some of the younger men in this field: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 28.

Photography—Yearly exhibition of news pictures and other work by members of the Press Photographers' Association: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., March 29, through Sun., April 20.

Public Balls—Madison House Ball: Hotel Plaza, Sat. Eve., April 5, at 10. . . . The Commercial Artists' Mad Arts Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Sat. Eve., April 5, at 10.

Antique Wallpapers—An exhibition of papers (1797 to 1835) from the Carlhian Collection of Paris: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and European furniture and Georgian and Mexican silver, belonging to Mrs. H. Kierstede Hudson, Mrs. Mary Colt Gross, the estate of the late Mary E. Maclay, and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., March 28-29, at 2. . . . Books, autograph letters, and Currier & Ives prints, belonging to Frank L. Crocker, Mrs. Samuel Ross, and others: Wed. Aft., April 2, at 2.

ON THE AIR

(The Federal Communications Commission has assigned new frequencies to most of the stations. Beginning Sat., March 29, at 3 A.M., WJZ will be at 770; WABC at 880; and WQXR at 1560. WEAF and WOR will remain at 660 and 710, respectively.)

President Roosevelt—Addressing the annual Jackson Day dinner, in Washington: Sat. Eve., March 29, at 9:30, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WOR.

Symphonic Music—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—John Gunther, Fri. Eves. at 8, WJZ. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Sat. Eves. at 7:45, and Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF. . . . Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, Sun. Eves. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ, and at 7:15 P.M., WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

Back Street—Love, with a sob and a groan. From Fanny Hurst's novel. With Margaret Sullavan, at her best, and Charles Boyer. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., March 31. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., March 28-30.)

Blackout—British drama of spies and romance in London these days. Exciting, entertaining, and realistic. With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., March 31-April 1. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., April 1-2.)

Fantasia—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his Symphony Orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney at suitable moments. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

Kitty Foyle—Homely drama of the poor but beautiful *working girl, braced and embellished by the presence* of Ginger Rogers. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 31-April 1. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., April 4-5.)

The Long Voyage Home—A magnificent film of the sea, the fo'c'sle, and the war zone, based upon a number of Eugene O'Neill's one-act plays. Directed by John Ford, and another triumph of his skill. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Sat., March 29.)

Meet John Doe—Frank Capra's latest message to the plain citizen of America, in which he rather overdoes things. With Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Tues., April 1. . . . Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Sat., April 5.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith—Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery directed by Alfred Hitchcock in a *somewhat commonplace comedy of marriage* which doesn't in any way resemble other Hitchcock films. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., March 27. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 28. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sun., March 30. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., April 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Wed., March 30-April 2.)

Night Train—An utterly satisfactory thriller that can do you lots of good. Made by the British, it's about Europe at the outbreak of the war, with spies galore and tremendous adventure. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Sat., March 29.)

Pépé le Moko—"Algiers" stemmed from this French film, with Jean Gabin, which is perhaps closer to Kasbah life than our Hollywood version. The *reels are a little faded and worn around the* edges. (World, 153 W. 49.)

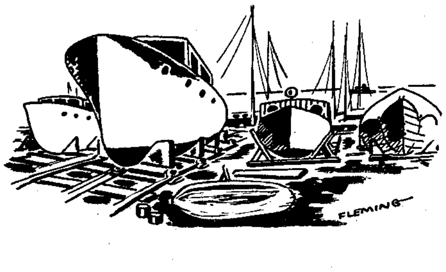
The Philadelphia Story—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in a grand success—the film version of Philip Barry's play about the very rich and their very terrible troubles and their special wit. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., March 29. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., April 2.)

The Sea Wolf—The old Jack London story polished up to a bright glitter. An exciting, salty production, with Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Strawberry Blonde—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a rambling adaptation of that old play "One Sunday Afternoon." And all set to the nice tunes of the nineties, too. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., April 2-3. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., April 2.)

Tobacco Road—Very mild for those who saw the play or read the book and expect a lot. Even quite decent. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., March 31. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., April 2.)

Victory—Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the leading characters in this strange Conrad story of the Java Sea. A well-handled screen version. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 27. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., April 1-2. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., April 2-4.)



REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's classic of the last war. Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., April 3-5.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Thurs., March 31-April 3.)

Beloved Enemy (1936)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, and the Irish Rebellion. (Belmont, 125 W. 48; through Thurs., April 3.)

Berkeley Square (1933)—Leslie Howard in his famous stage rôle. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., April 1-2.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow tracing the careers of her early loves. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Wed., April 2.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Plaza, 58, E. of *Madison; through Sat., March 29.* . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Mon., March 31. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., March 29-31. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Tues. through Sat., April 1-5. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., April 2.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—Robert Donat is the English schoolmaster. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., March 28.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Thurs., March 31-April 3.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo's first comedy. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., April 4-5.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., March 29-April 1.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., March 27.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Fri. through Mon., March 28-31. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., April 2-3.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., March 31.)

The Woman Alone (1937)—A London thriller. With Sylvia Sidney. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 2-3.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: On **THURS., MARCH 27**: "Million Dollar Legs," Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **FRI., MARCH 28**: "Trouble in Paradise," Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. **SAT., MARCH 29**: "Hands Up," Raymond Griffith and Marian Nixon; and "Two Tars," Laurel and Hardy. **SUN., MARCH 30**: "High and Dizzy," Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **MON., MARCH 31**: "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **TUES., APRIL 1**: four 1915 Chaplin films. **WED., APRIL 2**: four 1916 Chaplin films. **THURS., APRIL 3**: four 1917 Chaplin films. **FRI., APRIL 4**: "The Thin Man," Myrna Loy and William Powell. **SAT., APRIL 5**: "What! No Beer?," Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante.

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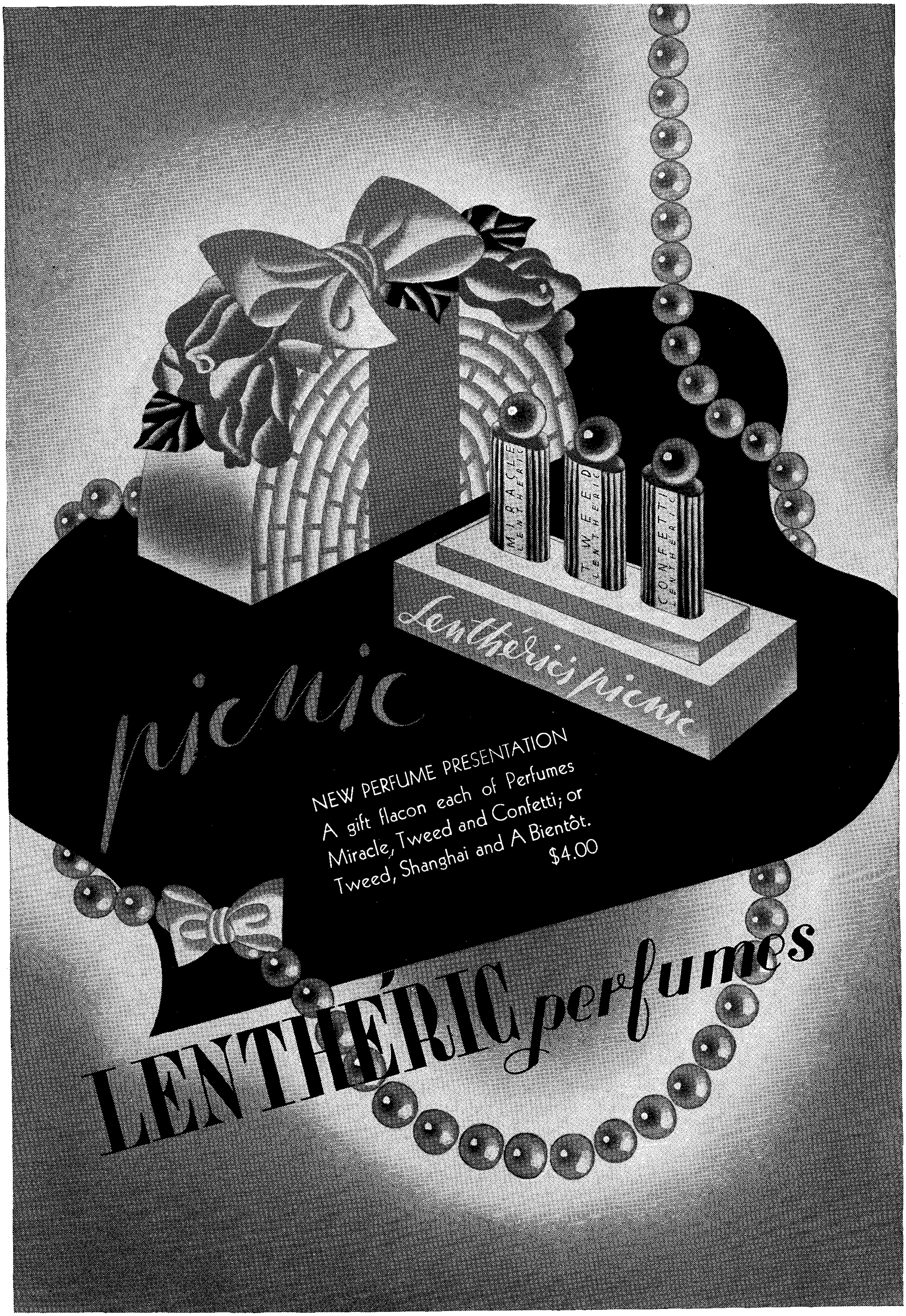
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT: For twenty-five cents, payable now, Rand McNally & Co., the mapmakers, will put you down for their Final Atlas Supplement "when it is ready at the end of the present wars in Europe and Asia."

AN old-time sucker for those little tables showing how long it would take a beam of light to get from here to the nearest star, we have been trying to work out our own graphic representation of the seven billion dollars involved in the lend-lease bill. It was a lot of bother, but we finally figured out that if a man, working twelve hours a day, had begun counting dollar bills at the rate of one a second back when Columbus landed on San Salvador, he ought to be getting through about now. Or, if we ourself had begun counting ten-dollar bills at the same rate the day we were born, we would still have had exactly $692,800,000 left to count on our birthday last week. It is a lot of dough, however you look at it.

THE great International Beauty Show is only a memory now, but in our dreams it still pursues us. We have torn from the *Times* an account of its wonders, and after we have memorized it we are going to tuck it away in the same portfolio with our snapshots of the World's Fair. " 'Active Service,' a short-hair style with bangs and upswept lines," we read, "honored the marines, who are at home in three spheres—land, sea, and in the air—the style being a flexible one for use in the morning, afternoon, and evening. 'Salvo' saluted the Navy, symbolizing the ocean by waves, and gunbursts by curls at the nape of the neck. Introduced as a novelty coiffure was 'Echelon,' a streamlined pompadour that imitated the mechanized field artillery with a cannon curl in the back of the head." This will be the clipping that will be read aloud by our children's children to their weekend guests and passed around with whispers of "This is what started the old fool off." For we are tired of the women of the country appropriating to themselves all the patriotic prerogatives in the sphere of personal decoration, which they have been doing with such a vengeance that the male seems clothed in an air of cowardly evasion the moment he is away from his desk. We mean to make of all our fellows, by courageous example, patriots as obviously total as any woman. If we are any leader at all, and if we can force ourself out onto the street, tomorrow's man will have either a Squadrons Up or a Super Crew haircut, the former simply the old, bristling, sky-pointing pompadour, with a jaunty effect of wings on the sides, the latter a soldierly nudity of the skull, as shiny as a gun. He will be shod in Sacrifice shoes, with holes in the soles, wear an OPM hat of rabbit fur, signifying fruitfulness, carry a stick in the shape of a flaming sword, and excite the eye with a thousand little death's-head buttons from top to toe.

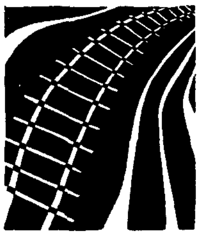
HELLO, children, this is Uncle Eustace bringing you the latest bulletins from the four corners of the Never-Never Land. The Andrew Jackson Chapter of the United States Daughters of 1812 is up in arms against the Army's abolition of the salute off duty. The Daughters have found that the officers and men of the Red Army have been not-saluting off duty for a long time now. Well, well! *Here's* an interesting flash, from the headquarters of the United Parents Association. It seems there are Communists in it, and at a number of recent meetings they have been using "such tactics as disorderly conduct, disrespect for the chair, and demands by floor leaders for immediate action instead of deliberation." Don't forget, now, children: The American Mothers' Committee will not accept any nominations for the American Mother of 1941 after March 31st, the day before April Fools'. That's all, children. This is Uncle Eustace signing off now, reminding you of our club password, courtesy of the immortal Willie Howard: "*Rewolt!*"

ABOUT a year ago, the Lucky Strike company practically revolutionized the cigarette industry by putting a red tape around the top of its packages, under the cellophane wrapping. This was for the convenience of smokers who had been breaking their fingernails trying to shuck off the slippery envelopes so they could get at their cigarettes; now all they had to do was give the tape a pull and there they were, ready to go to work on the tin foil. We figure that this improvement, undoubtedly the next best thing to no cellophane in the first place, must have set the company back at least five million dollars in machinery and stuff, and we should think they'd be proud of it. That's why we were surprised to see the advertisements that have been turning up in several magazines lately, this one among them. Underneath the customary picture of a beautiful woman smiling tenderly at some loose tobacco, there was an inset of a life-sized pack of Luckies. Four or five cigarettes were sticking out of the top, but it was hard to say how they got there, because the tape hadn't been touched. The only clue we could find was a sort of chewed effect around the top of the package, as if mice had been at it. In a small way, this mystery has been bothering us all week. We have a feeling that if we could get to the bottom of why tobacco men don't believe in their own inventions, we might understand a lot of things, including possibly the advertising business.

•

Incidental Intelligence: The address of the Christian Rural Fellowship is 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Fuller Brush people will sell you a little brush intended solely for cleaning other Fuller brushes. They haven't yet solved the problem of cleaning the little brush-brush, however.



The China Clipper, a Chinese restaurant in Jersey City, offers its guests after-dinner mints, toothpicks, and individually wrapped vitamin pills.

Shelter

At the Flower Show in the Grand Central Palace we asked for the exhibit of the Garden Club of New Jersey, which we had been told was a bomb shelter covered with vegetables, only to discover that a delegation from East Orange had beaten us to it, blocking our vision. While waiting for the ladies to move on, we asked a woman at a nearby information desk if she knew about the shelter. She said she belonged to the Ragweed Eradication Committee of the Garden Club of Englewood and handed us a pamphlet containing pictures of common ragweed (*Ambrosia elatior*) and giant ragweed (*Ambrosia trifida*). "America has awakened to the need of ragweed control," she said defiantly, adding that, as for the bombproof shelter, we should see a Mrs. Cyrus Hamlin Vail. "Mrs. Vail is our shelter lady," she told us. Mrs. Vail not being around, and the East Orange ladies having swarmed off to another exhibit, we approached a placid woman seated on a campstool beside the shelter. She wore a tag identifying herself as Mrs. L. D. Williams, Program Chairman of the Verona (N. J.) Garden Club. "I've been sitting here all morning," she said, "dying to answer questions."

Mrs. Williams volunteered the information that the British War Relief Society had lent a standard corrugated-iron Anderson shelter for a family of six, and had suggested that the ladies include a vegetable patch in accordance with the latest English idea for increasing the supply of foodstuffs. Following directions, they planted grass across the top (for camouflage), and bedded lettuce, parsley, scallions, beans, and peas in wooden frames along the sloping sides of the shelter. An English flower garden, with snapdragons, delphiniums, English daisies, and forty-odd green sandbags, burgeoned around the base. Mrs. Williams expressed surprise that the vegetables had been placed up on the sides of the shelter instead of at the bottom, where the flowers were growing. "Seems a long way to reach," she said. Peeking inside, we saw a new, apparently unused gas mask hanging on the wall, a rubber mattress and blanket on the floor, and a small table in the rear bearing a thermos bottle, two decks of cards, two books, and a bottle of Black and White. Mrs. Williams told us that no bomb survivors had seen the exhibit yet, but that a cockney lady the day before had burst into tears when she spied thyme in the garden. "The English are wonderful," said Mrs. Williams. "The gardener of the Duke of Gloucester spoke once at the Verona Garden Club."

We joined a small cluster of ladies before the shelter entrance and found them mostly concerned over the structure's size and doubting that it could hold six people. "The poor things must stand all the time," said a large woman. She pointed to the thermos bottle. "See," she said. "For their tea. They must always have their tea." "Darling, that reminds me," said her companion. "We should phone Mildred to meet us at the Longchamps opposite the Commodore." They pushed their way through the crowd and were supplanted by three young ladies carrying Burpee seed catalogues. "Makes you teary," said the first. "Looks cozy," said the second. "Gives *me* the creeps," said the third. "Oh, fudge," said the first. "You're scared of everything." On the way out we stopped to read one of Kipling's poems, tacked to a wall near the shelter; the closing words were "And the glory of the garden it shall never pass away."

Elysian Interlude

A FELLOW who moved to the Hotel Elysee while his house in town was being redecorated got in late one evening and found a message waiting for him, primly written out on a blank headed "The Following Message Was Received During Your Absence." The message itself was brief and pithy: "A gentleman left word at the desk that your home was on fire."

Native Skater

We spent a part of one of the first days of this blustery spring appropriately, talking with Miss Audrey Peppe, who had just arrived with a high wind from Sun Valley to appear in the annual carnival of the Skating Club of New York. She is a tiny, profusely freckled young lady, and one of the two most distinguished feminine figure skaters native to New York City, the other being her aunt, Beatrix Loughran, who won the amateur figure championship three years running in the twenties. Miss Peppe has never been a champion herself, but before turning professional last year she came reasonably near it. She was picked for the Olympic Games of 1936 in Germany and finished twelfth out of a field of twenty-five, which was regarded as remarkable for a girl in her teens. She is now twenty-three and married to David Benner, manager of the tourist lodge at Sun Valley, who is a fair skater and a good enough skier to have doubled for several movie actors in downhill sequences. We met Miss Peppe at Madison Square Garden and sat with her in a couple of side-arena seats while beneath us a group of skaters rehearsed a number for the carnival. One of them, it turned out, was her mother, who became tired of sitting around watching Audrey skate in carnivals and four years ago decided to take the sport up herself.

Miss Peppe has appeared in every Skating Club carnival since she was ten. She regards herself as having been quite an experienced woman of the world then, as she had already had a considerable career in ballet dancing, which she had begun studying at the age of three. Skating and ballet dancing were concurrent activities from the time she was seven until she was sixteen, when she gave up dancing. At that time she was in the habit of skating eight hours a day, rising at five and getting to the Skating Club ahead of the many slugabeds who stayed abed until six. There she would practice diligently on such things as figures, including, incidentally, her arithmetic for school that day, and her head-back spin, an invention of hers which no rival has yet comparably performed. The trick is to lean away back while spinning on the toes. Every time Miss Peppe hears of another skater's approaching her stance, she forces herself to bend further back, and probably no one will ever catch up with her until she's bent double.

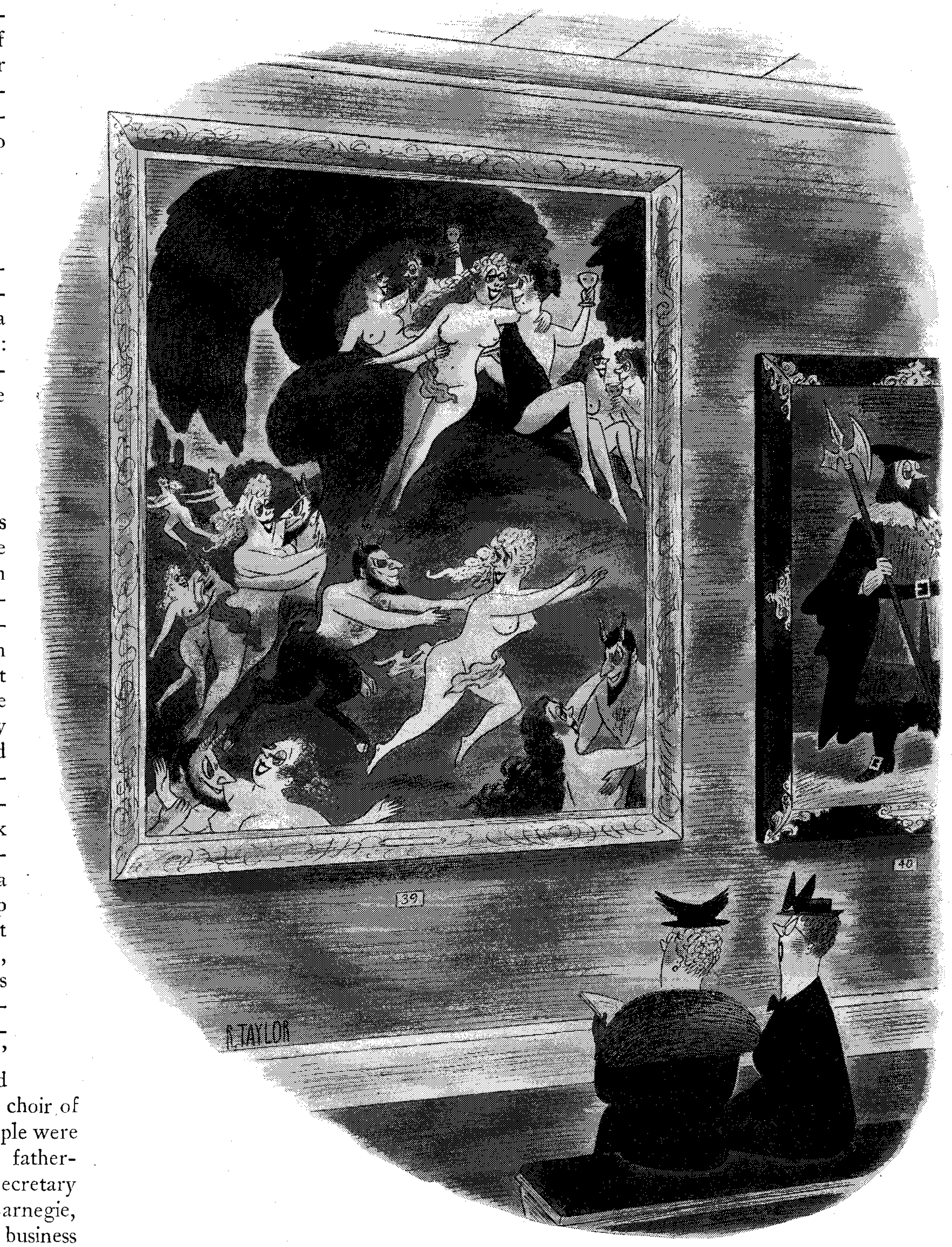
At Sun Valley, Miss Peppe spends seven hours a day on the ice, giving lessons and practicing the head-back spin. Her skates come from St. Paul and cost $55 a pair. After wearing them all day, she occasionally feels ill at ease and off balance in street shoes. Her skating shoes have inch-and-a-half heels—not to make her appear taller but to enable her to jump higher.

Specialist

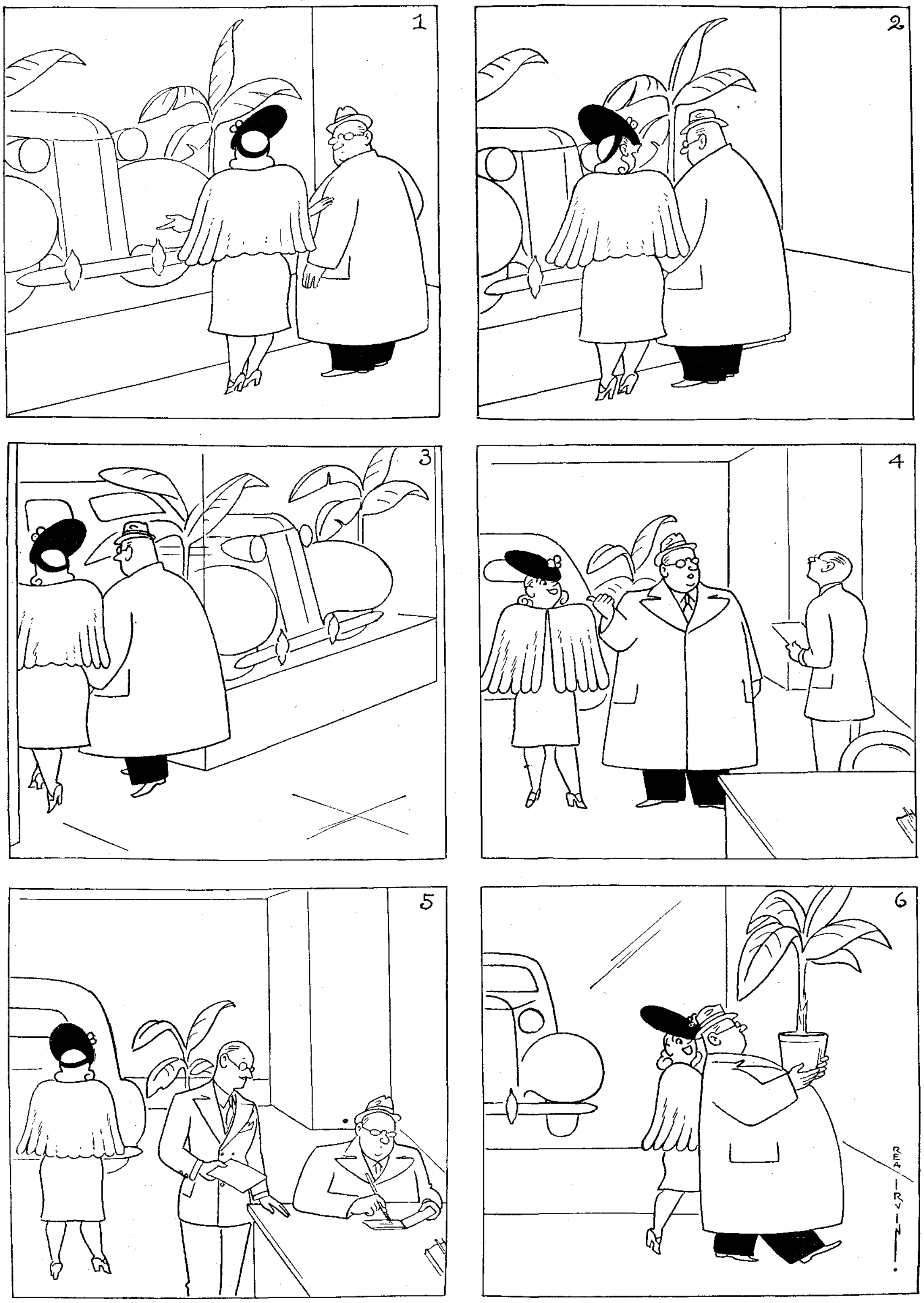
LAST week one of the lunchrooms in the financial district was being picketed by a man bearing this printed appeal: "Please Do Not Patronize Electrical Marble Games on These Premises."

Music Hall

THIS being Carnegie Hall's fiftieth year, a milestone which the management has been celebrating by running an implausibly benign-looking photograph of Andrew Carnegie on its program covers, we submit herewith a brief report on the auditorium's opening night, May 5, 1891. The program consisted of the singing of "Old Hundred" and "America" to the accompaniment of the New York Symphony Society Orchestra, directed by Walter Damrosch; a long dedicatory speech by Bishop Henry Codman Potter; a short speech by William B. Tuthill, the Hall's architect; Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, conducted by Damrosch; Tchaikovsky's "Marche Solennelle," conducted by Tchaikovsky; and Berlioz's Te Deum, sung by a choir of five hundred. Five thousand people were present, including Damrosch's father-in-law, James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State, who occupied Box 1. Carnegie, who had put up the Hall as a business proposition and not as a philanthropy, and who preferred Scotch bagpipes to any other musical instrument, beamed loyally from Box 15. At one time, before the performance, a line of carriages stretched from the entrance for a quarter of a mile. Bishop Potter's address, which he delivered in a shawl-roll dress coat and a waistcoat buttoned nearly to his chin, was received with mixed feelings. Tchaikovsky, who at Damrosch's invitation had come over from Russia to conduct some of his own compositions during the five-day festival which opened the Hall, failed to enjoy it. "A clergyman made a very long and wearisome speech in which he eulogized the founders of the Hall, especially Carnegie," he wrote back to his sister at the time. The other day we asked Mr. Damrosch for an opinion on this address, and he said it was just a routine bishop's speech and that the fact that Tchaikovsky couldn't understand English may have contributed to his boredom. The *Herald*, then owned by James Gordon Bennett, a man who understood Eng-



"It was lent anonymously."
"Well, I should think so!"



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lish perfectly, sided with Tchaikovsky. "Beauty beamed and culture yawned while the Bishop explained the end and purpose of the temple," it stated. "And then at last he vouchsafed to forsake the floor and make way for the music. . . . The Bishop spoke at length—at too much length."

We have gone to the source, and are of the opinion that Bishop Potter's remarks compare favorably with the public utterances of bishops today. "It has been a depressing experience to listen to some great and elevating composition in an atmosphere where the clown was capering last night and might be capering tomorrow," he said, referring to the fact that hitherto concerts had been given in halls devoted mostly to non-musical entertainment. "It was not an inspiring spectacle to trace the outlines of the prize ring encircling the conductor's throne, and it needed a quality not ordinarily given to accomplished musicians to dispute the possession of their temple with the gentlemen who swallowed three dinner knives . . ."

According to the *Tribune,* it was easier to justify the choice of the music on opening night than the treatment which some of the music received. "The choir sang with great animation when the colossal difficulties of the composition permitted them to do so," this paper's anonymous critic commented on the rendition of the Te Deum, "and the affair closed with a fine burst of enthusiasm. Signor Campanini was welcomed as an old friend, and the earnestness of his manner atoned for the fact that his voice was not in finest condition." Tchaikovsky agreed with the *Tribune* on this point, and wrote to his sister that the Te Deum was, like Bishop Potter, somewhat wearisome. Tchaikovsky's letters to his sister have been published in book form, and going through them, we learned that before the Carnegie Hall opening he had been favorably impressed by Carnegie himself. On April 27th, he wrote his sister: "Damrosch took me to visit Carnegie, the possessor of thirty million dollars, who is very like our own dramatist Ostrovsky. I was very much taken with the old man, especially as he is an admirer of Moscow." Two days later, Tchaikovsky's opinion of Carnegie had gone up ten million dollars. On April 29th, he wrote: "Opposite me sat Carnegie, the admirer of Moscow, and the possessor of forty million dollars. His likeness to Ostrovsky is astonishing."

Carnegie Hall was originally called Music Hall; its name was changed after a few years, when European artists, misinterpreting it, declined invitations to appear there in the belief that it was a vaudeville house.

Idyll

THE beginners' English class in one of the city's night schools was asked to compose a piece on the topic "Why I Like New York." A lad from Afghanistan turned in a composition which we think merits reprinting:

> a swimming a girl a strong army and zoo and a beautiful young girl.
>
> a girl and a beautiful young girl and a beautiful young girl and a beautiful girl and the sports.

Good Queen Bess

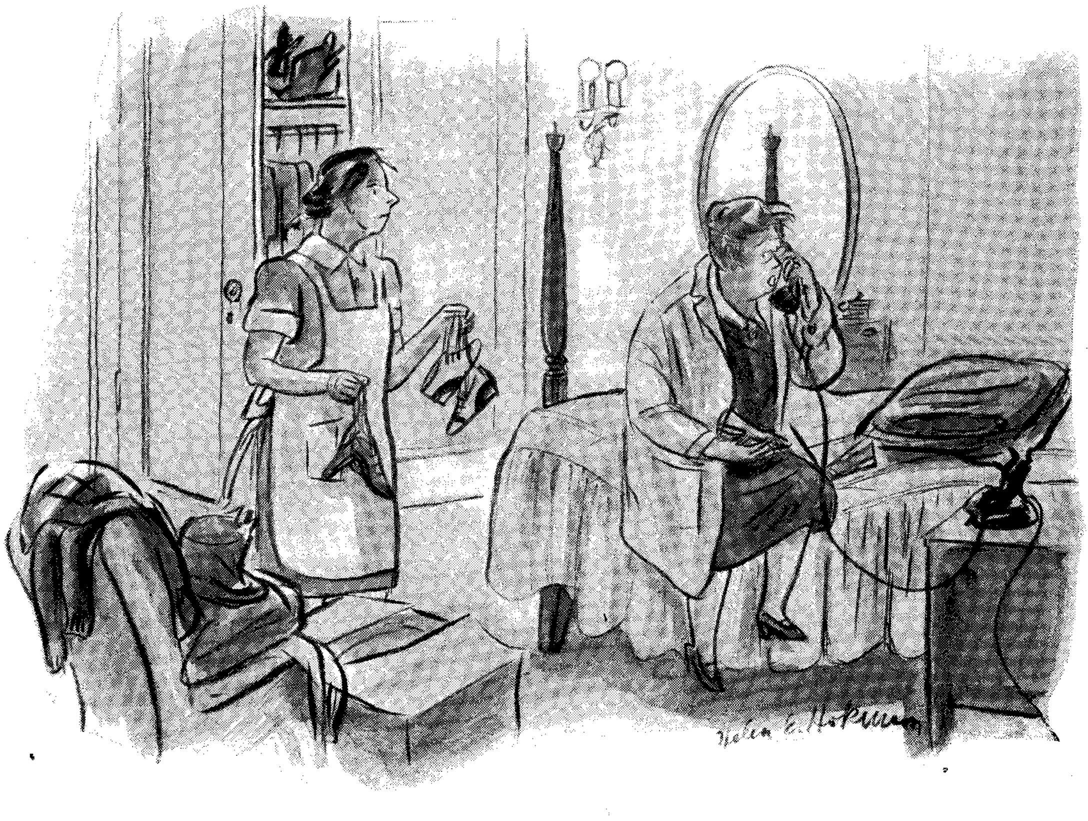
IT is certainly not every night that we have a chance to run across Queen Elizabeth on the fifth floor of Gimbels, so we readily attended a séance at the Hearst collection last week, the Queen's appearance having been positively guaranteed. It was another of those ghost test cases, with the Universal Council for Psychic Research and the *Scientific American* offering $15,000, between them, to any medium who produces a spook effect that can't be duplicated by natural means, and, as usual, Joseph Dunninger, the illusionist, was in charge. The medium was a stately, sombre lady named Rose Ann Ericson, who holds forth ordinarily at the Chapel of Eternal Star on West Seventy-second Street. The principals and some sixty guests assembled in a wainscoted room Mr. Hearst had plucked from a house in Sandwich, England, often frequented by Elizabeth's daddy, Henry VIII, and now offered at $4,474, F.O.B. Gimbels. Mrs. Ericson sat quietly at a long refectory table (Lot 306, Article 3, $381.50) while Dunninger explained that she was well known as an expert in minor forms of levitation and assorted table raps. "What is your intention, Madam?" he asked gallantly, and Mrs. Ericson said that she would make Elizabeth visible to everybody present who possessed psychic powers. "No smoking, no talking," she said, looking around at everyone, "and once I go into Elizabeth, no interruptions whatsoever."

As Mrs. Ericson closed her eyes and went after Elizabeth, somebody doused the lights and started to play "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" on a portable victrola in one corner. Mrs. Ericson interrupted the music suddenly by announcing that she found herself in the presence of a lovely spirit with a long beard. "He asks that a widow here with the initial 'S' realize that her husband's stomach disorder was purely the result of faulty eating," she continued. She delivered several further messages of a personal nature and then revealed that she had spotted the Queen, or probably had. "Is that you, Elizabeth?" she called. "Please come a little closer." It was Elizabeth all right, and she evidently complied with the request, for Mrs. Ericson said that she saw her clearly. "She is beautiful, very beautiful," she continued, "but she looks disgusted." "I see her!" cried a middle-aged lady beside us, to our astonishment. "She's wearing an old-fashioned dress!" We saw nothing. A reporter for the *Journal & American* may have seen her, for he snapped her picture, or snapped something, possibly for the Hearst collection. Mrs. Ericson announced that the Queen would now speak, through her. There was no trace of Elizabethan in Elizabeth, who spoke on topical matters. "Keep your eyes on Russia," she said. "Hitler will be demolished, followed by five years of turmoil on both sides of the Atlantic." There was a short pause for table raps and then a frank admission from Elizabeth that she missed Essex considerably, that she often likened herself to the queen of hearts, and that the United States should continue all-out aid to Britain. "Is the lady alone?" asked Dunninger. "She's standing beside a man of English distraction," said Mrs. Ericson, with a moan.

The lights were put on and Mrs. Ericson fell into some kind of trance. Dunninger looked at her and said, "Definitely she is foaming at the mouth." We gathered that this was not sensational evidence, however. While the lady was being revived with ice water, Dunninger announced gently but flatly that the performance didn't warrant paying out the $15,000. A confrere of ours from the *Post* discovered the six of diamonds on the floor beneath his chair, and the *Journal & American* photographer suddenly brandished the queen of hearts. "I just found it in my pocket!" he shouted wildly. "People who don't believe Elizabeth put it there should have their ears boxed," commented the lady next to us.

Conservative

A TRAVELLER we know came to rest, temporarily, in Boston's Institute of Modern Art, which is on Beacon Street and is shrouded in a nice old Beacon Street hush. He was surprised, therefore, to see a large, gaudy juke box standing in a corner. Turned out that it was all right, though: the juke box played only classical music.



"Bundles for Britain? What is your policy on wedgies?"

SOME GOOD TALK

George Mills stood in a corner of his Aunt Beryl's Washington Square North living room and wondered why it was necessary for a man in love to lose all his guts, all his pride, all his shame. Did this happen to other men? Had it always happened? Was there an international conspiracy between writers and womankind to keep it dark? Or was it one of those things like total war or a killing disease you never really found out about until you got involved yourself?

Why had he come to this party when he knew perfectly well that Ingrid was coming? (It was getting on; she ought to be here any minute.) Not twenty-four hours ago he had coaxed her, pleaded with her, whined; first she had laughed in his face and then she had given him the brush direct. Over and over he reviewed it: what he had said and what she had said and how she had looked and how he must have looked—every little piece of business. Again and again George played it through in his mind.

"But you did before!" he had kept bleating.

It was true—though, of course, only technically. With what disdain she had at last consented on that sole, miserable occasion! Honestly, she might have been glancing through *Town & Country* in some dentist's outer office.

But the farthest point south reached last night, George once more reminded himself, was when finally, in despair, he had thrown his low draft number at her.

"Oh," she said, "if I can't love you for yourself alone, at least strike a blow for democracy. Is that it?"

It was then she had laughed, and at his glower she had whooped.

Then, in sudden annoyance, she had snapped, "Oh, do go, please. I have no time to muss about with punks." Only in that wonderful Danish accent of hers it had come out, "I haff no time to moss about wit' ponks." He loved her so much, he loved even the way she kicked him downstairs. No guts, no pride, no shame.

George got out a Camel and lit it and, looking up from blowing out the match, he saw Ingrid at the other end of the room with his aunt, who steered her, introducing. Ingrid was wearing one of those New England-boiled-dinner hats canted forward on her head. As she turned to greet a guest, George could see the beautiful fair hair parted down to the nape, and his heart did a giant swing. With the care and deliberation of a physicist testing a complex hypothesis, he gently brushed his cigarette against the edge of an ashtray until the burning end fell off, tamped it out, bent the butt double, got out his pack of Camels again, searched until he found exactly the right Camel, rolled it between his fingers, tapped its end twelve times on the back of his left hand, put it in the centre of his mouth, returned the pack to his pocket, got out a matchbook and intently studied the golden gates of Twenty-One, opened the book, chose the correct match, broke it off, struck and applied it—frowning all the while and keeping his lids lowered.

"Georgie, dear, you've seen Miss Lindholm on the screen, of course?" he heard his aunt say in that happy, happy Billie Burke carol of hers. He smelled Ingrid's Adieu Sagesse and looked up with an attempt at mock astonishment. Aunt Beryl must be getting senile; she had introduced them precisely four Sundays ago in this very room. What was twenty-eight times twenty-four? Five hundred and something.

"Not *Ingrid* Lindholm!"

His voice was a roar in his ears, so he tried to modulate it, and modulated it to a mumble: "Why, I'm really her greatest fan. Miss Lindholm, this is the happiest night of my life." He meant it for light, man-of-the-world banter, but his aunt carolled ahead as though he hadn't opened his mouth.

"Miss Lindholm is one of Hollywood's loveliest actresses. Ingrid, darling, this is my nephew, Georgie Mills. Keep your hands off him, though." Aunt Beryl wagged a playful forefinger. "He's terribly gone on a girl at Bryn Mawr. Such an intense little thing. What's her name, Georgie? Midget?"

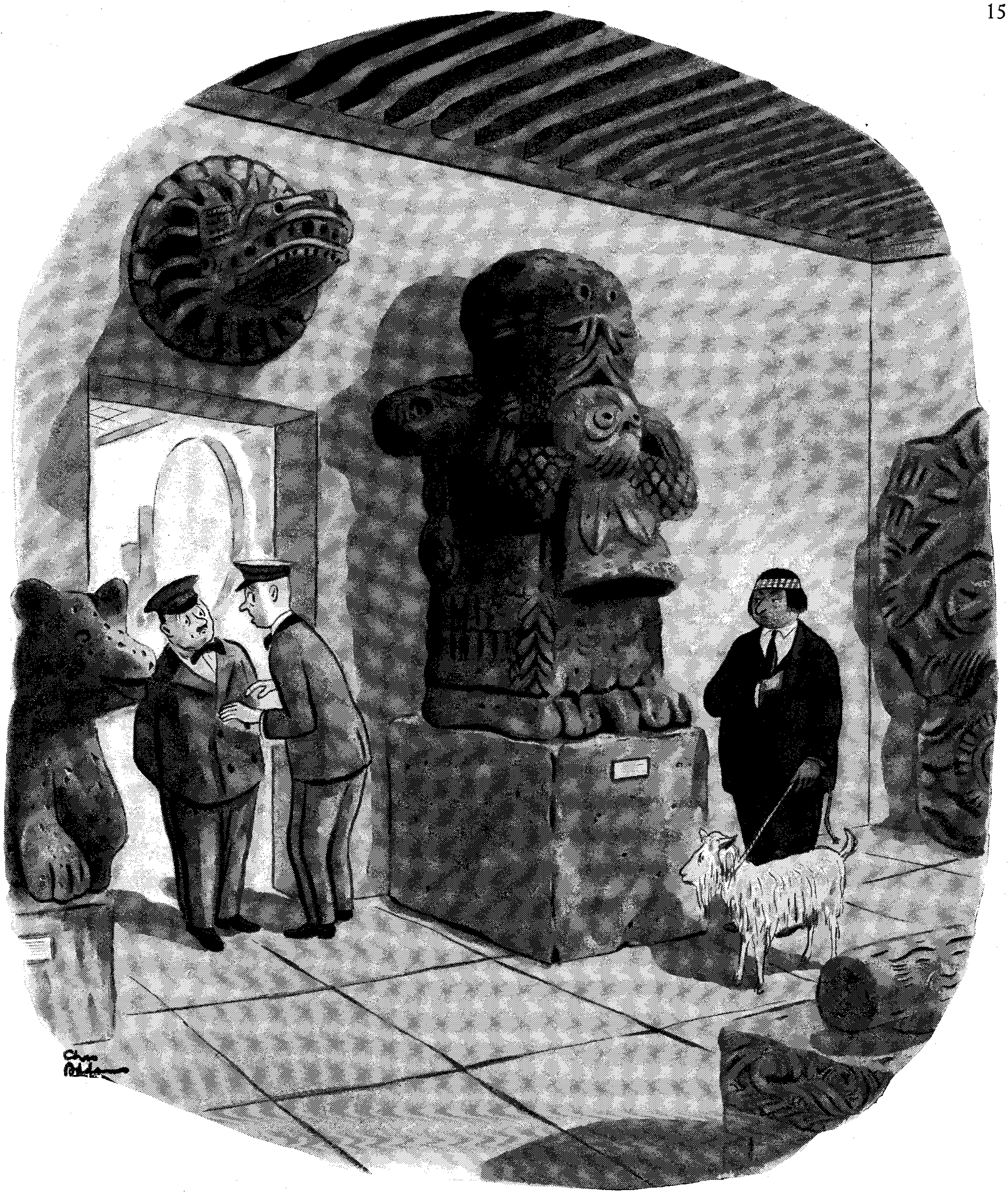
"They do call her Midge," George said, staring over his aunt's shoulder at the wall. Poor Midge, a Middle English enthusiast and wholesome player of field hockey. Her regular, adoring, weekend special-delivery letter had arrived that afternoon, filled with gentle reproach for his neglect of her, and after reading it through twice, he realized that it meant no more to him emotionally than a laundry bill. Sure she was a swell kid, but with Ingrid on your mind you'd turn down a wade with Aphrodite in her natal foam. He was aware that he had begun to perspire, and it was all he could do to keep from pulling out his handkerchief and mopping his forehead. He looked at Ingrid. She was clearly pleased at his aunt's disclosure, delighted to have caught him cheating, so to speak, on another.

"Cong-gradulations," she said, grinning. "She'll make you very fine wife, I'm quite sure." His aunt drew her away to meet other, more important guests. Poor Aunt Beryl, she was as stagestruck as a schoolgirl getting Cornell's autograph. The apartment was always crawling with show people of all kinds, and George's Uncle Roger had once complained bitterly about her inviting a comic snorer from the radio: "Oh my God, Beryl, not a snorer!"

George went to the buffet and, again scientifically, made himself a high-tension highball. Ingrid was across the room from him now, on the sofa next to eagle-nosed Giles Jackson, the theatrical producer. The theatrically producer. Well, she *was* East looking for a suitable stage vehicle, wasn't she? But it hadn't taken her long to get down to business, had it?

George felt difficulty in swallowing and maneuvered among the intervening guests until he got a better view of Ingrid and Jackson. He couldn't help it. Were their shoulders touching or weren't they, and what of their elbows, hips, knees? Yes? No? These questions and others were settled for him when he saw Jackson, whose legs were crossed, stretch out the tip of his left shoe and touch Ingrid's, which rose to meet it. Watching them sitting there looking at each other with their eyes full of confident asking and promising, George suddenly felt as though his face were about to burst.

He put his glass on the buffet and went to the bathroom adjoining his



"*He wants to know if he may make a small sacrifice in front of it.*"

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uncle's bedroom where the men had left their hats and coats. After locking the bathroom door, he examined his face in the mirror. It didn't look about to burst at all, it didn't look even like a lovesick swain's; nothing resembling the Young Werther in it whatsoever. It looked like no more and no less than the face of a healthy law student of twenty-two with an excellent appetite for triple-decker sandwiches. He went out to the bedroom.

By his uncle's bed stood a man in his late thirties or early forties, with neat, black hair and mustache and bright brown eyes. There was the vaguely familiar appearance of a celebrity or personage about him, and George wondered if he were an endorser of after-shave lotion.

"Are you all right?" the man said. George stared at him. "I don't mean to intrude," the man went on, "but I saw you go in there and I got the idea you weren't feeling quite yourself." His voice was so pleasant and his manner so agreeable that George at once felt his aching wretchedness begin to leave him. "Thanks very much, but I'm O.K.," he said. He felt a desire for this kindly stranger's company. What he needed most was some good talk about anything at all, and his instinct told him that this man could give it to him. As though reading George's mind, the man said, "If you're going uptown, we could split a cab and perhaps drop in at some pleasant saloon. I'm feeling restless as hell myself."

George was already groping on the bed for his overcoat. "I think it's a wonderful idea," he said. "And let's not bother to say good night—just sneak out."

IT was a cloudless night and the sky was full of stars. They paused at the top of the stoop and surveyed the empty square.

"Did you ever wish you were Caruso?" the man said, gesturing with his stick, which seemed right for him to carry. "Imagine being able to stand here and open your mouth and flood this whole expanse with one perfect sound. Oh, yes, Caruso could have done it. He'd have filled his lungs with air, merely this air floating along here, the air breathed by you and me and dogs and horses, and he'd have let it out in a matchless tone that would have broken every window around here and knocked all the lovers out of their beds. Or don't lovers live in the Village any more?"

"I don't know," George said. He was trying to recollect if he had ever heard anybody use the word "matchless" in conversation before, and decided he hadn't. But somehow, in this man's deep, double-charged voice, it sounded all right. He could probably make even the word "cozy" sound all right, George reflected, and hoped he would use it and put himself to the test. George was feeling warm and good inside now.

"Whether they do or not," the man said, "I'll go to my grave wishing I were Caruso. I have the desire, I have the temperament, I have the confidence—everything but the pipes. So, alas, I am not Caruso and I never shall be." He laughed and started down the steps.

"Who are you then?" George said, laughing. On the sidewalk the man faced him.

"That's right," he said, "we haven't introduced ourselves, have we? My name's Gaffney, Francis Julian Gaffney." He didn't stick his hand out but went right on talking. "We're very, very proud of that Julian we Gaffneys all have for our middle names, male and female alike. An old uncle of mine, a Philadelphia snob—and there's nothing to touch a real Philadelphia snob between here and India, let me assure you—this old uncle used to claim we're directly descended from the goddess Venus. Families like the Cadwaladers and the Biddles he'd simply snort at. Yes, sir, nothing less than divine lineage would satisfy the old dugong. He'd point out that, according to the poet Virgil, Aeneas was the son of Venus and Anchises. Well, as you doubtless remember, after the fall of Troy the pious Aeneas stopped at Carthage for a dally with Dido and then finally escaped to Italy, where his descendants founded Rome. The Julian gens, to which Julius Caesar and the Emperor Nero belonged, were among these descendants. So once this old uncle of mine got started, he'd never give in till he'd hooked the Rittenhouse Square Gaffneys up to this illustrious gens and hence to the divinity of love, beauty, and fruitfulness herself. Your name's Mills, isn't it?"

George said that it was.

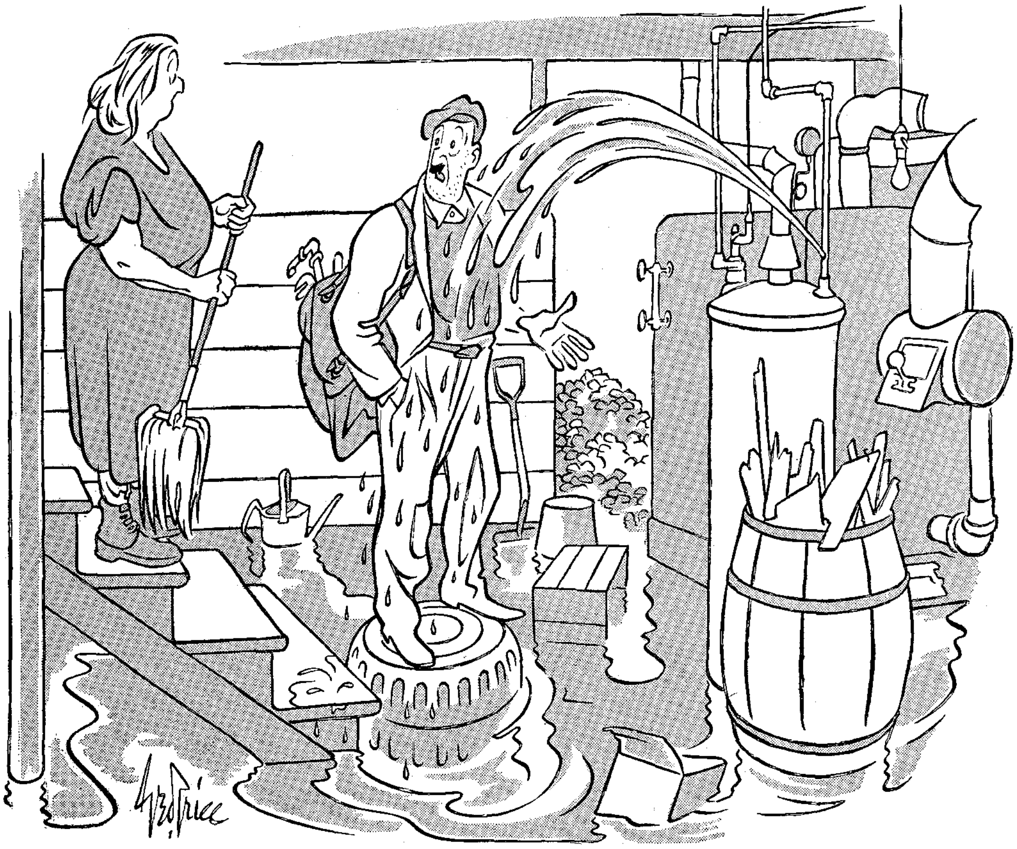
"Your aunt pointed you out," said Gaffney, shaking hands. "I looked over the party when I came in and asked who you were."

They started walking east in step toward Fifth Avenue. George counted fifteen paces before he put his question.

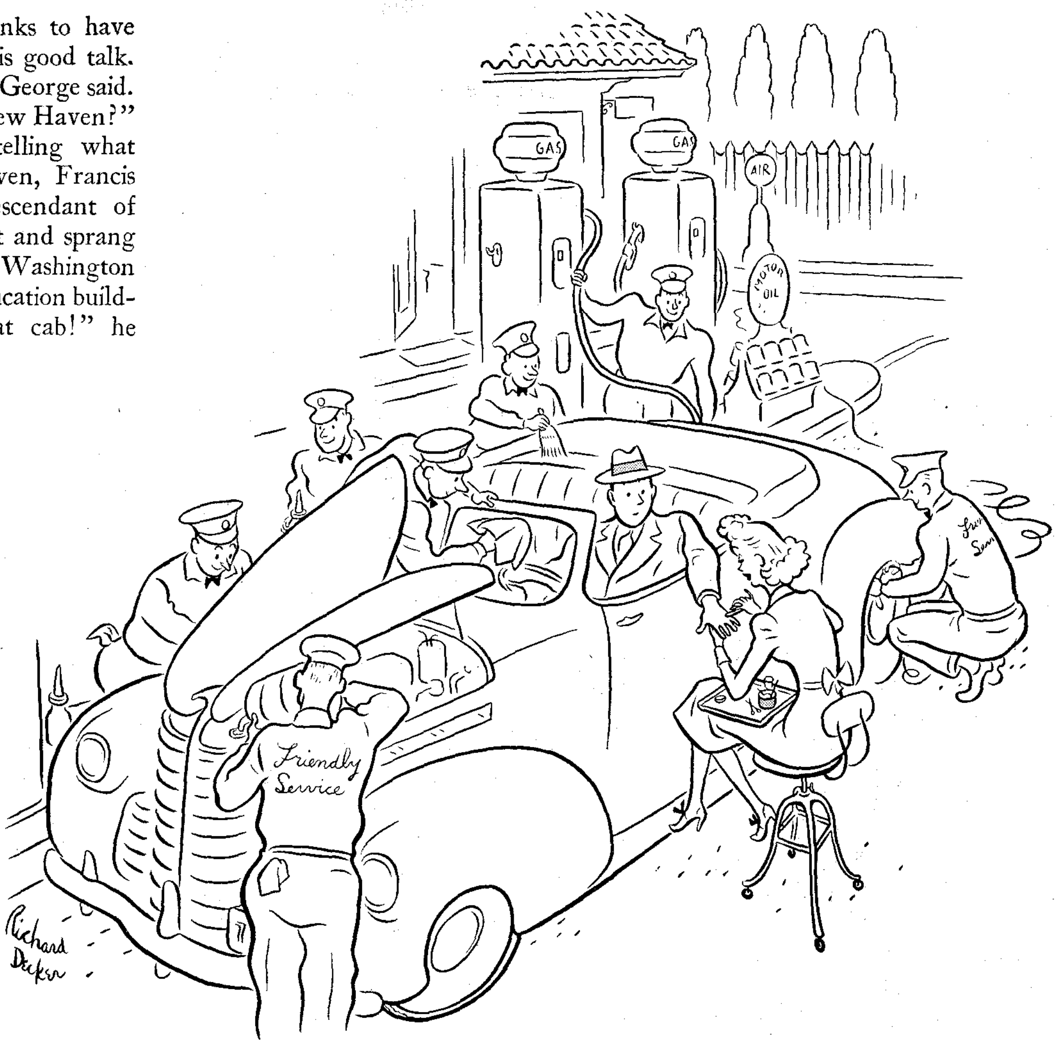
"Do you know Ingrid Lindholm?"

"Ingrid Lindholm?" said Gaffney. "Ingrid Lindholm. You know, old fellow, I don't believe I do. There was an Axel Lindholm in my class at New Haven. He was from Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, but there was nothing sleepy about old Axel, I can tell you. He became quite a famous explorer, and the last time I saw him he'd just got back from Nigeria. Told me that among the Sura tribe of the Bauchi it was customary for the chief to cook and eat all the women taken in adultery. I'm afraid that's the only Lindholm I know, though. Who is this Ingrid? Tell me about her."

Was this a truly great man, this Francis Julian Gaffney, and would he tell him about Ingrid! Later, though, somewhere around dawn, they would take up the affair In-



"In non-technical language, Mrs. Wilson, it's busted."



grid. First there were drinks to have and more talk, more of this good talk.

"Never mind her now," George said. "What class were you at New Haven?"

Instead, however, of telling what class he was at New Haven, Francis Julian Gaffney, lineal descendant of Venus, let out a loud shout and sprang sideways into the yard of Washington Square College's Adult Education building. "Watch out for that cab!" he shouted, thrashing with his stick. George looked up the street and saw the lights of a car which must have been at least fifty yards the other side of Fifth Avenue. He looked back at Gaffney and saw him hurrying into the vestibule under Adult Education's stoop. When George reached him he had his back turned and seemed to be fumbling in his pockets.

"What's the matter?" George said. "What is it?"

"It's cocaine," said Gaffney, without turning. "Did you ever take any?"

"No," George said.

"Amazing stuff," said Gaffney. "If you ever feel like taking any, you will let me know, won't you? Meantime, if you'll face the street and tip me off if anybody's coming, I'll be very much obliged."

George faced the street and tried to remember whether the possession of narcotics carried a jail sentence. What about all those junkies that Commissioner of Correction rooted out on Welfare Island?

"Ever know any snowbirds before?" Gaffney said, and did not wait for an answer. George could see from the corner of his eye that Gaffney's back was still turned. "You probably have all the popular superstitions about dope fiends—poor, skinny little shifty-eyed creatures in yegg caps making faces over the backs of their fingers—but if you actually knew who does take drugs, it would surprise you. Physicians and surgeons, architects and industrialists, men of affairs, actors and actresses in profusion of course, dignitaries of the bench and bar, women of genuine social position, luminaries of the seven arts, several plenipotentiaries of foreign powers I'm personally acquainted with—"

"Here comes somebody," George said.

"Is it a cop?"

"No, an old lady."

"Oh, nothing to worry about then. Not the slightest chance of its being a policewoman unless she's young and smartly turned out. Your modern policewoman's very apt to be turned out by Schiaparelli."

Nevertheless, George held his breath until the old lady had trudged safely out of the block. Gaffney had stopped talking, and there was no sound save the sporadic whirring of buses.

George's aching wretchedness, which had gone, rushed back into him. So actresses take it, do they? "In profusion of course" had been this Gaffney's words. Was Ingrid in the profusion? What if she were to leave the party now and come by and find them here? He was marrying a midget from Bryn Mawr and skulked around vestibules with drug fiends. He could hear her saying it—"westibools wit' drock feents." How lovely she was when she spoke, no matter what she said! What if she came by with Jackson, hanging on his arm? No fear, she'd never see them; she'd be looking up at Jackson that way, so wrapped, so drowned in her suitable vehicle she could stroll through a holocaust. Fireproof Film Star Thwarts Big Blaze. Was she a junkie? Did she take it? Ingrid Lindholm, the Scandihoovian Snow Swallower. Probably eats it off the *smörgåsbord* like marinated herring. Oh, goddamit all to hell, maybe he could see her tomorrow.

"Excelsior!" cried Gaffney, coming out of the vestibule and striking a d'Artagnan attitude with his stick. "Now, how about that pleasant saloon and some good talk?"

"All right," said George, falling into step with him. —Joel Sayre

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Stamford* (*N.Y.*) *Mirror-Recorder*]

Notice—Mr. John A—— died last week in the west. He had many friends in this vicinity. This notice is published by one who believes there are many who will be glad to hear of his death.

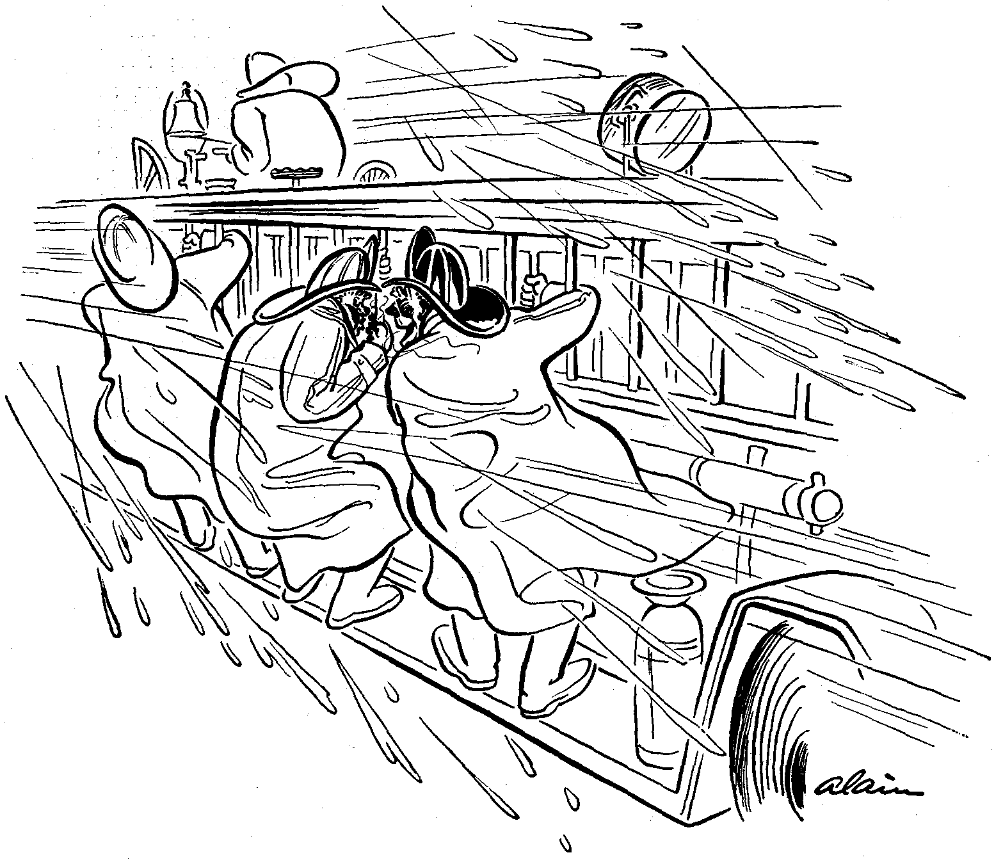
HOW NOT TO GET INTO "WHO'S WHO"

EXCEPT for those times when I am drugging myself with movies, vanilla frosteds, the latest novel, or *crèmes de népenthe*, it is difficult for me to avoid the bothersome thought: Why haven't I amounted to anything, or at least to anything much? It is true that I am the owner of a small car and of two even smaller dinner coats, one eight years old and one three, and that I am the vice-president of a rather large garage in the Bronx, across the street from the Morrisania railroad station; on the other hand, I am not listed in the *Directory of Directors*, *Who's Who*, or "The Red Network," nor am I a member of the Racquet, Union, University, Knickerbocker, Brook, and Garden City Golf Clubs, all of which are listed, with their telephone numbers, in an engagement diary I was given for Christmas by someone who probably has no idea of the obscurity of my position.

Thanks to an article in a recent issue of *Fortune* about William Bushnell Stout, builder of the first metal airplane in the United States and president of the Stout Engineering Laboratories in Dearborn, Michigan, the reason for my unsuccess has been made clear to me. Bill Stout, as *Fortune* and a few old friends call him, became a success in the airplane field as a result of the experience narrated in the following passage:

> One of his most vivid childhood memories is of a walk with his Methodist-preacher father. They strolled beside a lake and watched the flight of gulls. "Someday men will fly like that," said his father, "and you may be the one to bring it."

Well, the Wright brothers, who I suspect had a similar conversation with their father or one of their uncles in their youth, beat Stout to it, but Stout did get to the top in aeronautics, and he owes it all to his father and those gulls. I know he owes it all to his father and the gulls because this sort of thing happens too often to be coincidence. For example, Igor Sikorsky, another outstanding airplane designer, writes in his autobiography, "One of my earliest recollections was what my mother told me about Leonardo da Vinci and his attempts to design a flying machine." Sikorsky is a reticent man and doesn't quote his mother directly, but I can guess what she said. She said, "Igor Ivanovitch, someday you may successfully carry on the work of Leonardo in his attempts to design a flying machine," and there Igor is today, engineering manager of Vought-Sikorsky, the Leonardo da Vinci of Bridgeport, Conn.



"I said a fire will feel good, won't it?"

Occasionally, I know, a man in full maturity will come along, voice his ambitions firmly, and attain them. The late Lord Rosebery, who announced, and subsequently carried out, his intention of becoming Prime Minister, winning the Derby, and marrying the greatest heiress in England, was such a man. In general, though, the achievements of successful men have to be specifically outlined to them in early youth. It is a matter of record that George III was a mere child and a mere prince when his mother said to him, "George, be a King." George became King, but if it hadn't been for his mother, not to mention his grandfather, George II, the idea might never have entered his head. It is less generally known, but I think it has never been denied, that Wendell Willkie was only six when his father took him for a walk and showed him a flock of politicians. "Wendell," he said, "someday you will run for the Presidency of the United States."

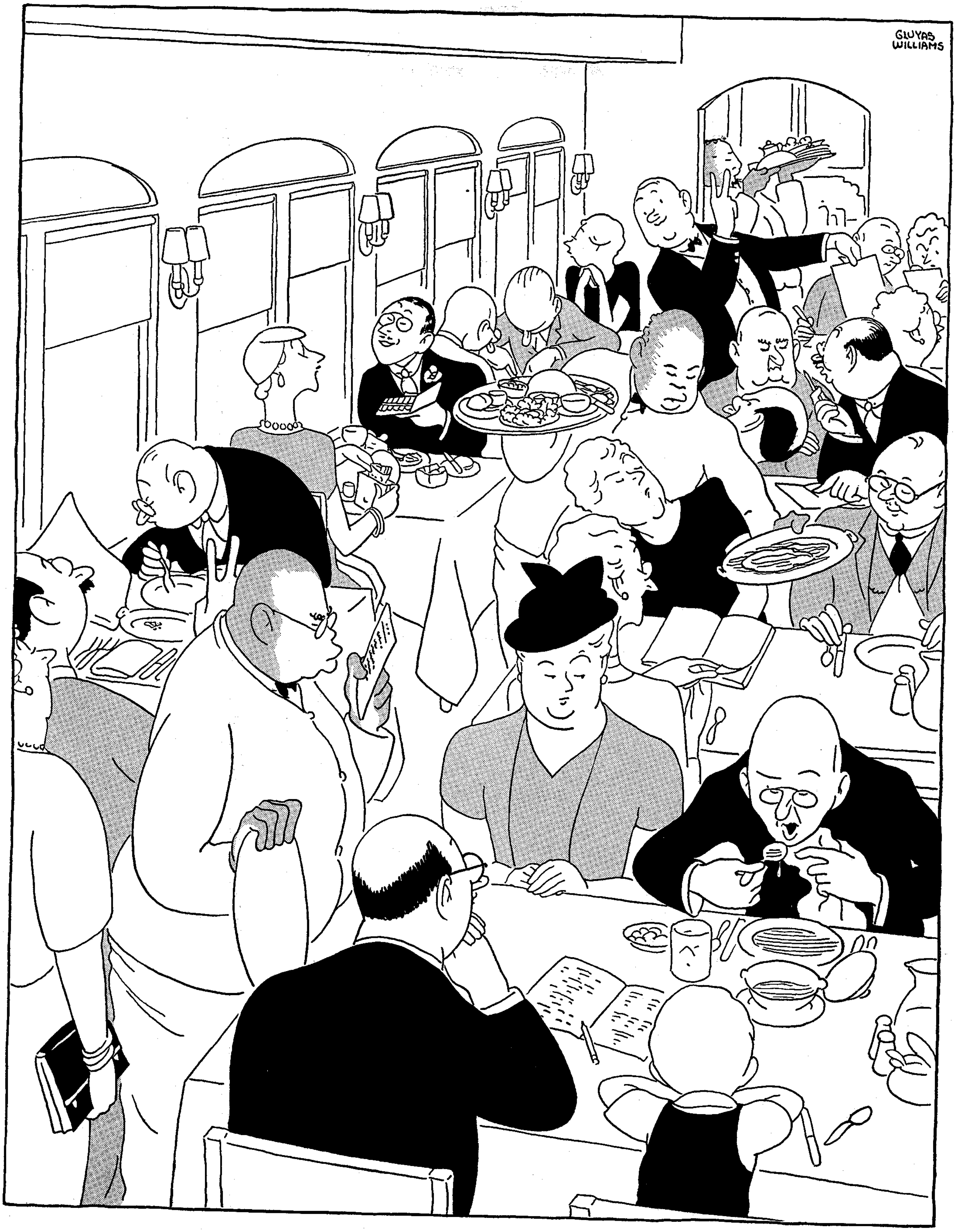
Now and then, in the case of a perverse child, ambition is best stimulated in reverse. I quote from *Time*, February 1, 1932:

> "Frank" Roosevelt saw his first President in 1887 when he was five. Sitting in the White House was large, grim, depression-ridden Grover Cleveland. James Roosevelt escorted his sailor-suited little son to Washington. President Cleveland put a fat hand on the yellow Roosevelt head and said: "I'm making a strange wish for you, little man, a wish I suppose no one else would make. I wish for you that you may never be President of the United States."

A word to young Roosevelt was sufficient, and we have Cleveland to thank for the turn American history has taken.

WHAT I am getting at, of course, is that my elders never gave me anything important to shoot at. My mother never said a damned thing to me about Leonardo da Vinci; she simply read me the works of Jean Henri Fabre, and this sidetracked me into collecting insects until some people in Connecticut, mistaking me for a death's-head sphinx, tried to put me in a cyanide jar. My father used to take me for walks in the country, but he never advised me to grow up to be President of the United States, or even of Standard Brands. In fact, the only inspirational remark I recall his making was "My boy, your mother has a mortgage on a rather large garage in the Bronx, and if she should ever have to foreclose, you may grow up to be its vice-president."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN


GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE INNER MAN

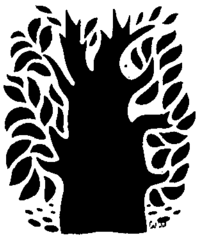
Dining Car

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

III—THE JUDICIAL ARM

MY recollections of judges and my veneration for their talents and puissance go back a great many years, for I was a boy barely six years old when my father began taking me on his tours of the more high-toned Washington saloons and pointing out for my edification the eminent men who infested them. Not a few of those dignitaries were ornaments of the federal judiciary, and among them were some whose names were almost household words in the Republic. It was not, however, their public fame that fetched me; it was their obvious virtuosity at the business in hand—to wit, the decorous and elegant engulfing of alcoholic stimulants, according to the rules immemorially made and provided. Before I really knew what a congressman was, I was aware that congressmen were bad actors in barrooms and often had to be thrown out, and long before I had heard that the United States Senate sat in cases of impeachment and had the final say about international treaties, I had seen a senator stricken by the first alarming symptoms of delirium tremens. But though I search my memory diligently, and it is especially tenacious in sociological matters, I can't recall a single judge of that exalted company who ever showed any sign of yielding to the influence. The judges all drank freely, and with a majestic spaciousness of style, but they carried their liquor like jurisconsults and gentlemen.

Boylike, I must have assumed that this gift for the bottle ran with their high station and was, in fact, a part of their professional equipment, for I remember being greatly astonished years later when I first encountered, as a young newspaper reporter, a judge definitely in his cups. There was nothing to the story save the bald fact that the poor old man, facing a hard calendar in equity on a morning when he was nursing a hangover from a Bar Association banquet, had thrown in one too many quick ones, and so got tight. When he fell sound asleep in his pulpit, with his feet on the bench, there was a considerable pother, and by the time I got to the scene his bailiffs had evacuated him to his chambers and doused him with ice water, and he was rapidly resuming rationality, as his loud swearing indicated. Being innocent, I reported the facts truthfully to my city editor, and was somewhat upset when he instructed me to write a brief piece saying that His Honor had been floored at the post of duty by stomach ulcers but was happily out of danger.



Later on, as my journalistic experience widened, I saw many judges in a more or less rocky state, though I should add at once that I never saw another in that condition on the actual bench or within its purlieus, and that most of those I encountered were very far from their own courts. Indeed, I gradually picked up the impression that judges, like police captains, never really let themselves go until they were away from home. In those days all the police captains of the Eastern seaboard, whenever they felt that they couldn't stand the horrors of their office another minute, went to Atlantic City and there soused and roared in mufti, without either scandal or danger to their jobs. Sometimes as many as a dozen gathered in one saloon—two or three from New York, a couple each from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and maybe the rest from points as far west as Pittsburgh. In the same way, judges commonly sought a rock and refuge when the impulse to cut loose was on them; in their own dioceses they kept their thirsts in hand, and so avoided the gloating of the vulgar.

AT that time, c. 1900, there was a rich old fellow in my native Baltimore who gave a big stag dinner every year at one of the principal clubs. He was of no prominence, and his dinner had no public significance; it was simply that he loved good eating and freehand boozing himself, and delighted in getting a group of like-minded men about him. He had begun long before with a relatively small party, but every year the grateful participants of the year before suggested that it would be nice to include these or those reinforcements, and in the era I speak of the feast had grown very large, with seventy or eighty head of guests at the long table, as many colored waiters totting oysters, wild duck, and terrapin, a large staff of sommeliers at the wine buckets, and a battery of bartenders out in the hall. One year a judge was among the delegation of stockbrokers, bank presidents, wine agents, Tammany leaders, and other dignitaries who had come from New York, and the next year he brought another, and the year following there were three, and then six, and so on. They enjoyed the entertainment greatly, and the host appreciated having so many men of mark at his board. But in the course of time it began to be hard on the families of some of the judges, and almost as hard on the cops and newspaper reporters of Baltimore.

For every time there was a dinner it launched a drunk in the grand manner, and every time there was such a drunk the job of rounding up the judiciary took two or three days and was full of embarrassments and alarms. Many of the other guests, of course, also succumbed to the grape, but no one ever seemed to care what became of them. A Tammany leader could disappear for two days and cause no remark; even a bank president would not be posted at Lloyd's until the third day. But judges, it appeared, were missed very quickly, if not by their law clerks then certainly by their wives and daughters, and during the late afternoon of the day after the dinner, inquiries about this or that one would begin to come in from the North. Not infrequently the inquiry would be lodged in person by a frantic daughter, and when she was put off by the cops with weasel words she would usually tour the newspaper offices, declaring hysterically that her pa must have been murdered and demanding the immediate production of his carcass.

The cops were indifferent for a plain reason: they always knew where the missing judges were. So, in fact, did everybody know, but it was not etiquette to say so. For aside from a few very ancient men who had gone direct from the dinner to the alcoholic ward of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and were there undergoing the ammonia cure, all the recreant Pontius Pilates were safely housed in the stews of Baltimore, which were then surpassed in luxury and polish only by the stews of St. Louis. All such establishments had appropriate accommodations for just such clients. They would be lodged in comfortable rooms, watched over by trustworthy bouncers, entertained with music, dancing, and easy female conversation, and supplied with booze until they seemed about to give out, whereupon they would be put on strict rations of milk and soda water and so prepared for restoration to the world. All the chatelaines of the Baltimore houses of sin were familiar with that kind of trade,

"You needn't wait, Benson. I'll be some time."

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and knew precisely how to handle it, for they got a great deal of it, year in and year out, from Washington. Having handled maniacal senators and ambassadors, not to mention even higher dignitaries, they were not daunted by a sudden rush of harmless judges.

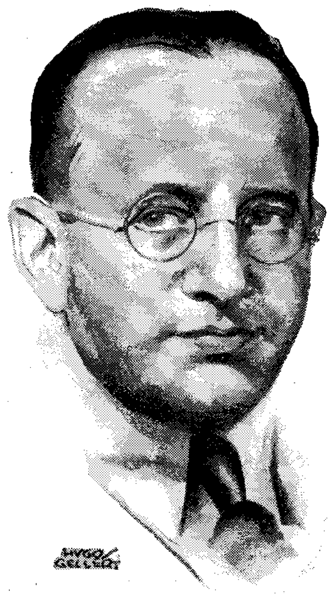
Unhappily, it was hard to convince the daughters of the *non est* jurists that they were comfortable and happy and under no hazards to either their lives or their morals. Each inquirer refused violently to be placated with generalizations; she demanded to be taken to her father instantly and allowed to fetch him home. Inasmuch as no one dared to tell her where he was, it became the custom to say that he had gone down to a ducking club on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and was there engaged in shooting mallards and canvasbacks. But there were always daughters who declared stoutly that their fathers were not marksmen and, in fact, had a fear of guns, and sometimes it took a good deal of blarney to convince them that duck shooting could be learned in half an hour and was done with air rifles or slingshots. Even those who swallowed the lie often made trouble, for they usually proposed to proceed to the duck country at once, and I recall one who spent two whole days roving the Eastern Shore, seeking some trace of a tall old man wearing a heavy white mustache, weighing 220 pounds, and dressed in a broadcloth cutaway and striped pants. It would have done no good to tell this poor lady that her father was still wearing the evening clothes he had put on for the dinner. All such visitors, in fact, continued in their tails until the time came to wash them up and start them home. The champion in my day went on thus for four days and four nights, and when the whistle was blown on him at last, his judicial collar, white lawn tie, and boiled shirt were in a truly scandalous state. Within the month following his return to duty, so I was told afterward, he sentenced five men to death.

HOW the old boys accounted for their disappearance to their daughters, once they had got back to their hotels and changed clothes for the journey home, I do not know, and never inquired. I suppose that a daughter is bound in law to believe anything her father tells her, especially if he be a judge, and I assume that judges, having been lawyers, have good imaginations and ready tongues. All I can tell you is that this annual man hunt was a headache to the city editors of Baltimore and to their faithful reporters. We had to keep watch on the whole gang for two or three days and nights, ever full of a pardonable hope that this one or that one would fall out of a window, brain a piano player, drop dead of *mania à potu*, or otherwise qualify for our professional attentions. It would never do to be beaten on such a story —if such a story ever bobbed up. But it never did. The judges all got home safely, and whenever it turned out that one of them had left behind his watch, or his wallet, or his plug hat, the cops always recovered it promptly and turned it over to the host at the dinner, who saw that it was restored to its owner.

—H. L. Mencken

PROFILES

THE OLD MAX



Max Gordon

THEATRICAL producers, as portrayed in the movies by actors like Adolphe Menjou, are generally either frantic fellows rushing around to avert last-minute disasters and living largely on aspirin and bicarbonate of soda or suave, world-weary celebrities who seldom appear in anything but white tie and tails. Max Gordon, the producer of such past hits as "Roberta," "Design for Living," and "The Women," and of the current success "My Sister Eileen," resembles neither of these types. He is a sturdy, compact-looking man in his forties with a leisurely and friendly air which prompts people who know him to refer to him comfortably at times as "the old Max." He wears eyeglasses and grayish or brownish clothes which are all so much alike that a friend once complained that he always seemed to be wearing the same suit. "It *is* the same suit," Gordon told him rather indignantly. He is pleased by his reputation as the most unaffected man in show business and is apt to emphasize his own artlessness to a fancy degree. His private office, one of two shabby rooms above the New Amsterdam Theatre, contains a desk he bought when he started in the theatrical business thirty years ago, a few chairs upholstered in threadbare plush, and a cuspidor. The walls, covered with photographs of stage celebrities, are panelled in imitation pine. Gordon always asks newcomers what they think of his office, and once when a caller hesitantly replied, "Well, the pine panelling is very elegant," the old Max rapped his knuckles against it and smiled proudly. "It's phony," he announced.

Visitors to the office generally find Gordon sitting in a sunny window with his feet propped against the desk, reading *Variety* or *Racing Form* or doing nothing in particular beyond gazing at his hands with the idle air of a man about to file his nails. To anyone who expresses astonishment at this aimlessness in so prominent a man, Gordon enjoys explaining a favorite theory of his: that the men who accomplish the most are those who seem least busy. "President Roosevelt, Bernard Baruch, men like that," he expounds, "you walk into their offices—I've been there—and their desks are absolutely clean, not a paper on 'em." Here he waves a hand toward his own desk, which is remarkably cluttered. He disposes easily of that *non sequitur*, however. "There is positively nothing of importance there," he says.

In spite of his simplicity, Gordon has been described affectionately by people who know him well as an intellectual snob. He has a passion for anyone whom he suspects of being an authority on something or other, and he will bombard such a personage on sight with questions so direct and all-encompassing as to produce a certain bewilderment in his victim. Not long ago, at a cocktail party given by Arthur Schwartz, the composer, his host pointed out Arthur Garfield Hays, the attorney and liberal, standing at the other end of the room chatting with a group of people. "I want to talk to that fella," Gordon said, and, waving aside Schwartz's offer of an introduction, he hurried over and tapped Hays on the arm. "Tell me," he inquired, "do you think the whole thing is going to blow up?" Another time, at a dinner, he was introduced to a doctor and opened the conversation by saying, "Doctor, I've got the funniest pain, right here in the small of my back." The doctor interrupted him politely. "I don't happen to be a doctor of medicine, I'm a doctor of sociology and economics," he said. Gordon's eagerness did not falter. "Tell me," he asked at once, intensely, "do you think Anaconda Copper is going up or down?"

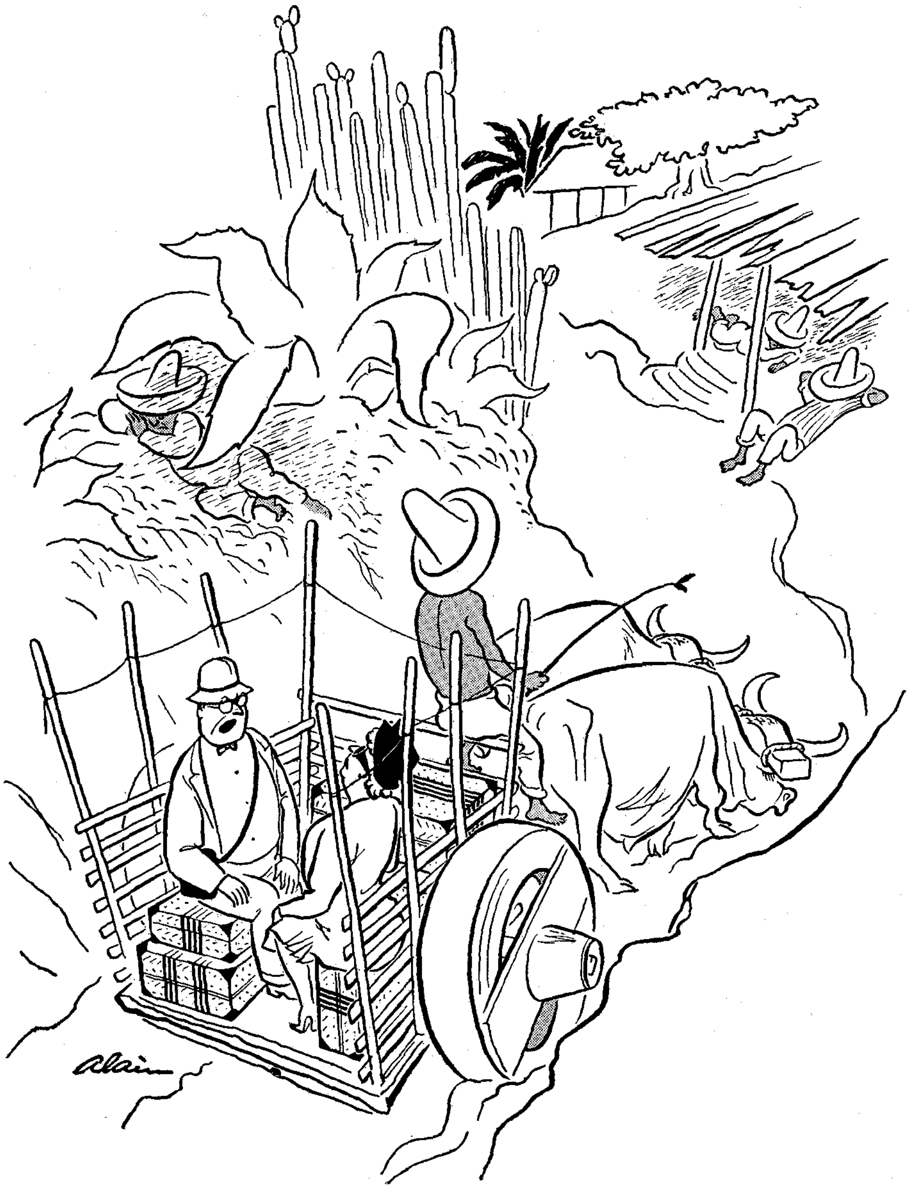
MAX GORDON'S career has been so vivid that it might well fill a number of volumes entitled, like a boys' adventure series, "Max Gordon, the East Side Urchin," "Max Gordon with the Keith-Orpheum Circuit," "Max Gordon on Broadway," and "Max Gordon, the President's Friend." Gordon the East Side urchin is now a frequent guest at lunch or dinner in the White House with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, whom he met through James A. Farley, once something of an urchin himself. The Roosevelts like him, probably because he is as natural with them as he is with, say, Ben Bernie or any of his other cronies. "I never saw a reason to be afraid of a man, whether a President or a Pullman porter," Gordon says. A few weeks before the election last November, he dined at the White House with some fifteen or twenty other guests and was seated on Mrs. Roosevelt's left. "Mrs. Roosevelt," he asked, when she turned graciously to talk to him, "did you hear the gag about the two acrobats outside the Palace Theatre? One says to the other, 'You gonna vote for Roosevelt?,' and the other one says, 'What's the matter with the guy that's in there?' " Mrs. Roosevelt liked this story so much ("It killed her," Gordon relates simply) that she called to her husband down the length of the table, "Franklin, you must hear this!," and made him repeat it. Gordon voted for Willkie. He is full of surprises like that.

Max Gordon the President's friend is candid about Max Gordon the East Side urchin, although he sometimes worries faintly for fear his own start in life may sound so humble as to appear pretentious. "I was born in poverty at 59 Goerck Street in the slums of New York, and my father was a pants-presser in a sweatshop," he will tell you, adding hastily, "but don't think I'm saying this just to sound important." Max's name was originally Salpeter, and his family included ten people—his father and mother, himself, two older brothers named Cliff and Dave, and five sisters. When Max was eight, the Salpeters moved to a flat on Lewis Street, where all ten of them lived in four rooms. Max went to Public School 88, a couple of blocks away. Mr. Salpeter was ambitious for his children, and one evening, reading in the paper that Jan Kubelik, the violinist, had received $1,000 for one concert, he laid the paper on his knee and shook his head sorrowfully at Cliff, his eldest. "And to think," he said, "how I begged you to take violin lessons." On Saturdays, when he brought his weekly wages of $11 home and laid the money on the table, he would sometimes look severely at his sons and say, "I hope I live to see the day when *you* will be making eleven dollars a week." Gordon, who has occasionally made a thousand times that amount weekly, regrets that his father did not live to see the day, but he thinks it might have worried him anyway. In 1930, after his first big hit, "Three's a Crowd," had opened, Max took some clippings from *Variety* giving the show's weekly grosses to the apartment he had leased for his mother on the upper West Side and showed them to her. Mrs. Salpeter read the clippings gravely and said, "Tell me one thing, Max. Is it honest?"

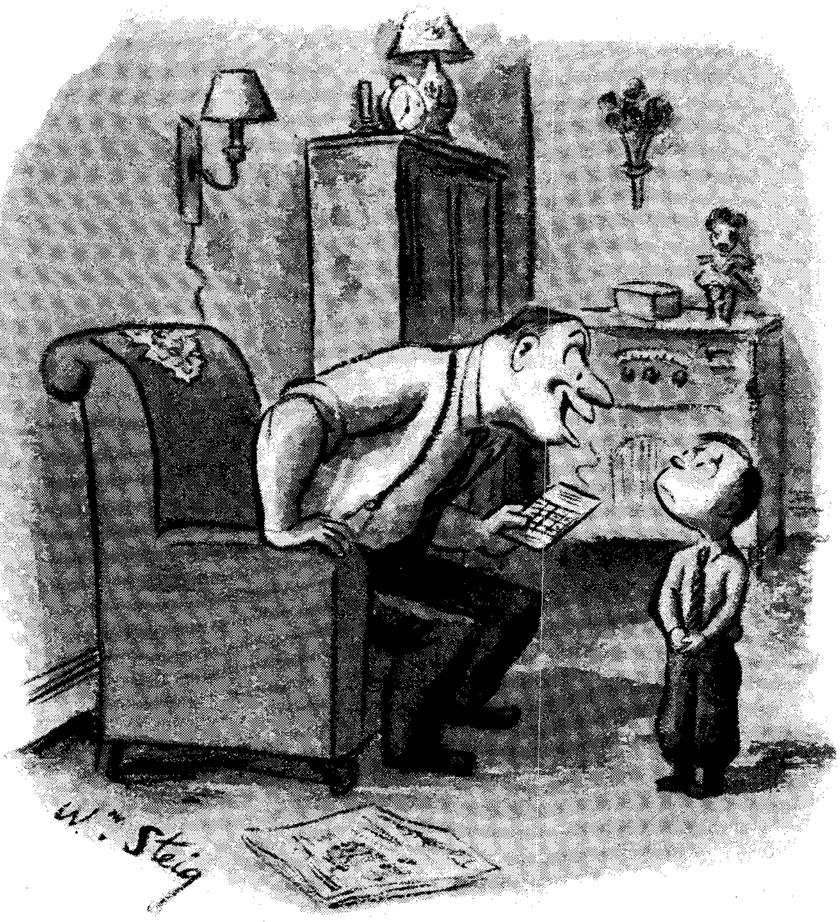
The Salpeter boys discovered the theatre when they were still in short pants, and sold popcorn at baseball games to get money for tickets to the neighborhood shows. Once they walked two miles to see a team called Herbert & Willy at Tony Pastor's, and couldn't get in because they were not accompanied by an adult. After that they learned to stand in line at the box office behind somebody else's mother and act as though they were with her or, if that failed, to appeal frankly to some sympathetic grown-up who would shepherd them inside and then leave them alone. When Cliff was fifteen he began to appear on amateur nights with a monologue he had worked up, and a year or so later he got a job with a burlesque show called "The Social Maids" and changed his name to Cliff Gordon. Dave also eventually went into the show business, as an agent, but with less conspicuous success than his brothers. He died nine years ago.

By 1910, Cliff Gordon had become well known in burlesque as a German-dialect comedian. He wore the conventional baggy pants and comic makeup and commented on topical events in the kind of monologue which Will Rogers was later to make more famous. Max was seventeen and a freshman at City College, but he wanted to quit his studies and follow Cliff into the theatre. Cliff discouraged the idea, and even persuaded Raymond Hitchcock, whom he had come to know, to deliver a short lecture to Max on the advantages of a college education. Max listened, thinking of the letter he had written privately to one Jack Singer, owner of the Hyde & Behman burlesque shows, asking for a job. Singer took him on in a rather vague capacity, and Max joined one of the shows in Pittsburgh. His duties included announcing the Hyde & Behman features for the following week from the stage after the final curtain, and he pensively recalls his first public appearance. "I walk out on the stage," Gordon relates, "and I say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, next week's sensational attraction—' and a banana hits me right in the face."

A framed copy of a letter Gordon wrote to his family in January, 1912, from the Bay Tree Hotel in Toronto now hangs on a wall of his office in the New Amsterdam. It reads, "My dear Folks, Enclosed please find $16. Five keep and Eleven bank. I sent home my tuxedo. Tell Papa to press it up for me. Your son Max." Max, nineteen then, was travelling with a burlesque troupe called "The Passing Parade," of which Cliff Gordon was the star comedian. Cliff, unable to restrain his brother from a theatrical career, had found a job for him in the business end of his own outfit, and Max, settling down gratefully, had also adopted the name of Gordon. In Minneapolis, "The Passing Parade" caught up with a smaller burlesque company presenting something called "Vanity Fair," in which one Al Lewis did a comic monologue similar to Cliff Gordon's, although less impressive. Lewis revered Cliff as a big-time comedian, and when he heard one day that Cliff's brother Max was in the theatre to catch a matinée of "Vanity Fair," he hastily dug up twelve extra verses of a topical song which he had prepared as encores and, hoping to impress Max, sang all of them, doggedly reappearing twelve times in spite of an almost frantic lack of demand from the audience. After the show he invited Max to come backstage and took him to a good twenty-five-cent dinner at the Burtis House. That was the prelude to a partnership between the two men, who, as Lewis & Gordon, later produced, in association with Sam H. Harris, such hits as "Welcome, Stranger," "The Nervous Wreck," "The Jazz Singer," "Six-Cylinder Love," "Se-



"I feel like a damn fool with this airplane luggage."



"Too bad the Board of Education don't give marks for pitching pennies and window-breaking!"

• •

crets," and "Rain." The partnership was dissolved some years ago. Al Lewis, together with Vinton Freedley, produced the recent success "Cabin in the Sky."

In 1913, Cliff Gordon died suddenly at the age of thirty-two. Max's affection for his brother was, and is, genuinely deep, and he speaks of Cliff as "a man of infinite taste who never read a book." It was after a dazed interval following his brother's death that Max went into business with Al Lewis, who had left the stage to be a booking agent for vaudeville acts. Vaudeville, then at its height, was practically controlled by the Keith Circuit, and the spark of sentiment which often starts a long relationship in show business united Lewis & Gordon with Keith's when Max wrote to John J. Murdock, Keith's vice-president and a friend of Cliff's, to tell him of Cliff's death. Murdock was grieved and, like most people in the theatre, he showed his sorrow in a solid and practical way. He invited Lewis & Gordon to book their acts with the Keith Circuit. One of their first successes with Keith was a one-act play, "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill, then a young and unknown playwright who asked, and was given, a $50 advance on the sketch because he wanted to get married. E. F. Albee, president of the Keith Circuit, O.K.'d the advance to O'Neill. When, a few weeks later, Lewis & Gordon, drunk with power, demanded $750 a week for an act called "Harry Green and the Cherry Tree," Albee rebelled. Gordon called on him defiantly at his office, and still remembers the details of the clash. "I am a kid from a burlesque show and I fear nobody" is the way he describes himself as he was then, adding, "Albee threw me out."

Ben Bernie, Phil Baker, and Lou Holtz remember Max Gordon as the booking agent who never slept during the great days of vaudeville after the Keith Circuit merged with the Orpheum Circuit and before they had combined with a firm called Radio Pictures to become Radio-Keith-Orpheum, or R.K.O. Actors in need of a job or advice could nearly always find Gordon drinking coffee at Shulem's Restaurant on Broadway after midnight, and he would greet them all with eyebrows raised in welcome and shoulders rising too in sympathy or skepticism as they talked. One night, in 1914, Ben Bernie, who then had a violin-and-accordion act with Phil Baker, came to Gordon with the bad news that Baker had left the act, which was booked to open in Bridgeport the following week. "Now's your chance, Ben," Max told him. "Go on alone up there in Bridgeport and give 'em a monologue." Bernie went on in Bridgeport, gave 'em a monologue, and was hissed off the stage halfway through it. He finished his week in Bridgeport, though, a fact which still faintly mystifies Gordon. "I guess Ben must have pulled a Masonic button on the manager," he says. Another night, in Shulem's, Lou Holtz was introduced to Gordon and told him sadly that he had been fired from almost every theatre in New York. Holtz was at that time a straight singer of sentimental ballads. "Sing for me," Max suggested, and Holtz then and there delivered a number entitled "In Savannah, G. A." Next day, Gordon got him a booking at the Colonial Theatre on Broadway. "He was thrown out of there, too," Gordon relates now, shaking his head reminiscently. "He was constantly closed, that fella."

Gordon's efficiency as an agent was celebrated, but his clients often found him almost romantically absent-minded. He would call up an actor and say, "I got to see you immediately, important," and the actor would rush to meet him at whatever rendezvous he had mentioned, sometimes on a street corner. They would walk several blocks, either in silence or exchanging irrelevant chitchat, while the actor anxiously waited for the important tidings. "Well," Max would say finally, "goodbye," and he would disappear. The more thoughtful of his victims have since decided it was his preoccupation with the drama that made him act that way. Bernie still insists that Max always sold Bernie & Baker to Keith-Orpheum for peanuts in order to get $600 a week for some one-act play. Gordon had a reverent crush on the theatre, and other vaudeville pals now surmise that what he was dreaming about when he used to get dreamy was the day he would open a theatre program and see the words "Max Gordon Presents." Gordon's ambition was partly fulfilled in 1918, when he began producing plays with Al Lewis and Sam Harris, but he did not become an independent producer until 1930, when he put on "Three's a Crowd."

Two seasons before, Dwight Wiman and Tom Weatherly had produced "The Little Show," starring Fred Al-

SYMBOLIZE ME A CITY, DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR

The personality of a city is easily symbolized. When you think of New York you think of the skyline, the buildings towering out of the mist electrified with motion and vitality.—*Dorothy Hillyer in the Herald Tribune Books.*

Easy for some, perhaps, Mrs. Hillyer,
But does that "you" mean also me?
If so, count me out, if you please (and thanks just the same),
Because the skyline
Isn't in my line at all.

Give me, instead, a taxicab to start my symbolizing with
(As one might start to roll up a ball of yarn, or twine).
A taxi standing with the radio on and the sound shutting off
Just as I get in. Shut off—like that!—because something
 was being said
That was clearly between the radio and the driver.
Something not for my ears—get it?

Pass me, after the taxicab, the telephone at nine A.M.,
With the old, forgotten servant, the dim houseworker
 out of the past,
Asking if I want her back again.
"You're out of work, Mary?"
"No, but these people—they is rich Poles or somethin'."
The melting pot—catch on?

Or send me, in the afternoon, the sun
Shining on the north side of the street
Always and ever (and one more ever if you like)
For the people who live on the south side front.
And while we're in the street, slip me
A quick preview of Second Avenue
Without the "L"—you follow me?

Or suppose you hand me (on the plate with the change on it)
The waiter's face, bending over, not quite looking
But not quite unmindful either,
With his inner knowledge that this tip-to-come
Doesn't mean such a hell of a lot because
The joint is organized so it's all a matter of percentages.
Mathematics in the face—you know, eh?

There we have four—I'll take one more.
The Western Union boy in the elevator (morning again now),
Who stands a little apart, although it's crowded enough.
He doesn't work in this building, knows nobody, is going
Not to a place he will recognize, not to call on one
 he has seen before,
But is here in this elevator on his way up to hand over a message
And grab a receipt—do I make myself clear?

Then leave me alone now, lady, with these five strands
Of yarn (or twine) to roll around my finger for a start—
To roll into a small, tight ball of five colors (five's enough)
And toss into a drawer of an eighteenth-century desk,
Which is, of course, a Lord & Taylor reproduction.
So long. God be with thee. And the next time you think
Of the skyline, think of New York,
And watch out for that electrified mist,
Because, like Lucky Strikes (the three pennies under
 the cellophane),
It's toasted—see?

—St. Clair McKelway

• •

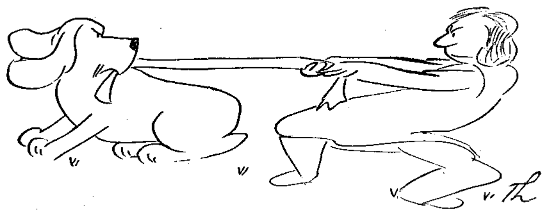
len, Clifton Webb, and Libby Holman, with such success that they were planning a second version for 1930. They felt, however, that it would be tempting fate to use the same three stars again, so they built "The Second Little Show" around the comedians Al Trahan and Jay C. Flippen. It was not a success.

Gordon, meanwhile, hearing that Allen, Webb, and Holman were available, called up Allen, whom he had known as a juggler in burlesque, and said, "Look, I don't know these high-toned people like Webb and Holman, but I want to do a show with the three of you." Allen was enthusiastic but candidly pointed out to Max that their combined salaries amounted to about $6,000 a week. Gordon got together all the money he had, borrowed some more from a bank, and engaged Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz to write a book and score. "Three's a Crowd" opened in October, 1930. Although the show lost money on the road after a successful New York run, and finally managed only to break even, it established Gordon as a producer of the small, smart revue built around big names. It was followed by "The Band Wagon," with the Astaires, Frank Morgan, and Helen Broderick, and such perennial songs by Schwartz and Dietz as "Dancing in the Dark," "I Love Louisa," and "New Sun in the Sky." "The Band Wagon" made $100,000, and a good many people still think of it fondly as the greatest revue of all time. Gordon had long since discovered the stock market and by the time "Flying Colors," his third revue, came along, he was taking a beating. Schwartz and Dietz had written a triumphant opening number for "Flying Colors," with the following refrain:

Do you hear the cheering in the street?
Here is why you're hearing all the cheer-
 ing in the street:
Max Gordon raised the mo-ney,
Max Gordon raised the mo-ney,
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
The money for another revue!

Gordon sent for the boys one day and said, "Boys, I'm afraid the show is off. I can't raise the money." Dietz shook his head sorrowfully, but Schwartz went right to the point of his grievance. "But, Max," he protested, "what are we going to do with that *song?*" Max Gordon raised the money eventually and "Flying Colors" was produced with the opening number intact.

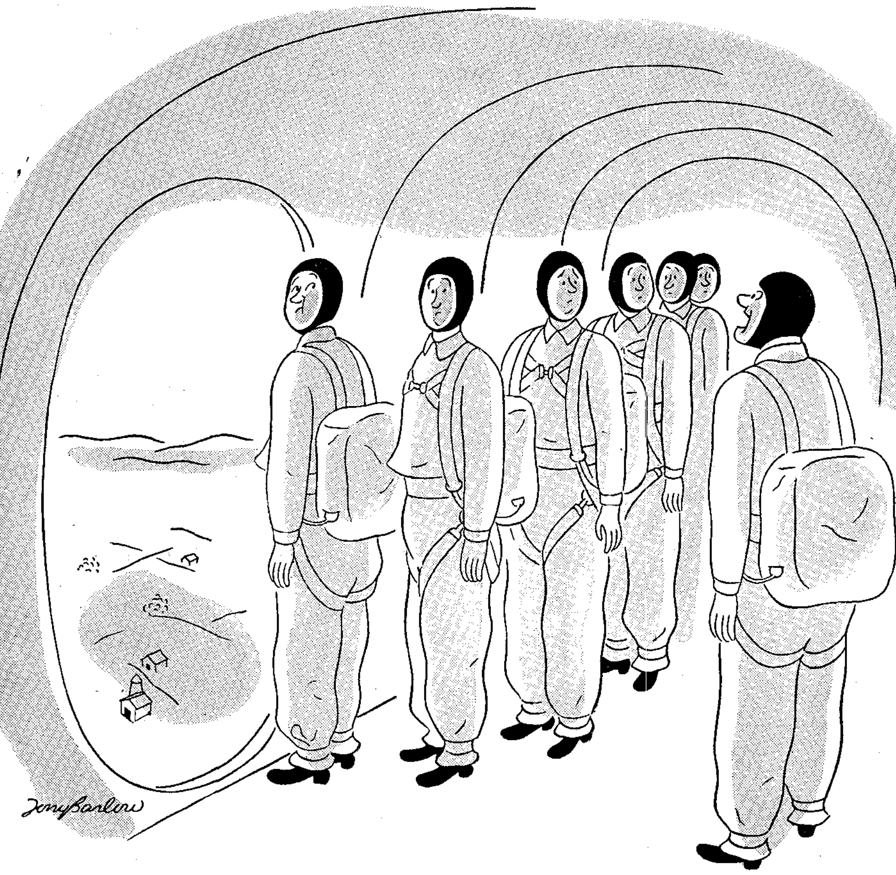
THROUGH Max Dreyfus, the music publisher, Gordon had met Jerome Kern and had persuaded him to write the score for Gordon's first ambitious musical comedy, "The Cat and the Fiddle," which was produced in 1931. The following year, although he had three hits to his credit ("Flying Colors" folded after a short flight), Gordon's stock-market losses and his instinct for engaging the best and most expensive actors, authors, directors, and composers left him broke, and he had a nervous collapse. He likes to tell how wonderful everybody was to him then, how George Kaufman offered him $1,500 of the $1,600 Kaufman had at that time, and how Harpo Marx came to see him in the hospital with his pockets stuffed with cash and strewed it over



the bedspread in much the same way that he used to spill knives and forks out of his coat sleeve onto a stage. Groucho Marx gives a sympathetic description of the chapter in Gordon's life which might be called "Max Gordon and the Stock Market." "One summer day in 1929," Groucho relates, "Max and I were playing golf in Great Neck—at least I was playing golf and Max was playing that kind of running hockey of his, hitting the ball and then running five yards to hit it again—and suddenly he says to me, strolling down the fairway and twirling his club, 'Marx, why should we work at all? Here we are playing golf and having a fine time, and I already made a profit of three thousand dollars in the market today. How long has this been going on?' " A few months later, in October, Marx's telephone rang one morning and he answered it. "Marx?" said a hollow voice. "This is Salpeter. The jig is up."

Gordon refers to himself as Salpeter only in moments of stress, seldom identifies himself by any name at all on the telephone, and never says hello or goodbye, preferring to plunge at once into what he has to say and to hang up when he has said it. The day after the opening of "My Sister Eileen" last December, he called up Moss Hart, who was in Boston rather nervously supervising rehearsals of his play "Lady in the Dark." "I only got one minute to talk to you, Moss, so listen and don't interrupt," Gordon said. Then he read aloud to Hart some twelve or fifteen favorable reviews of "My Sister Eileen." "I hope your show is as good, Moss," he said, and hung up. Gordon has a great affection for Hart, who is a sensitive man. When they were in Washington at the same time recently, Hart remarked that he would like to meet the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and Gordon got Stephen Early to arrange tea with the First Lady. Tea passed off pleasantly, but as Hart and Gordon were walking down the corridor on their way out, Hart complained mildly to Gordon that he had not yet met the President. "Listen," said Max, "I can do everything, but that I can't do." At that moment a White House aide overtook them, announced that the President would like to see them, and escorted them into Mr. Roosevelt's bedroom. Hart claims that Max did all the talking while they were with the President, beginning with a résumé of the situation in the American theatre today and warming up to a denunciation of certain critics who had failed to appreciate "Very Warm for May," a Gordon production. Gordon, scoffing at this version, declares that Hart was so impressed by being in the President's bedroom that he couldn't have spoken even if no one else had said a word. "You know that old gag where one fella says about the other one, 'He went as white as my shirt,' and then he looks at his shirt and says, 'No, whiter'? Well," says Gordon, "that was Moss."

Noel Coward's "Design for Living," which Gordon produced in New York in 1933, brought him out of his financial and physical slump and set him on the path that led to "Roberta," "The Shining Hour," "Dodsworth," "The Great Waltz," "Pride and Prejudice," "Othello," and other productions—some box-office successes, others mainly satisfying to his own genuinely fastidious taste. He had met Noel Coward in London through the simple process of going backstage after a performance of "Private Lives," introducing himself, and telling Coward what was the matter with his third act. "Do I get the play for New York?" he then inquired. Coward had made other arrangements for "Private Lives," but he recognized expert showmanship when he saw it and Gordon has been identified with most of his American productions since that time. Gordon has an immense respect for Coward, to which Coward responds with affectionate breeziness. When Coward attended the first night of "Roberta" in New York, Gordon started anxiously down the aisle at intermission to ask him what he thought of the show and met him coming up for a cigarette. Coward threw his arms around Gordon enthusiastically. "Max, darling!" he cried. "It *stinks!*"



"When I give the command, each man is to push the man in front of him."

IN 1921, Gordon married Mildred Bartlett, an actress whose stage name was Ray Dean. She retired before their marriage at the request of her fiancé, who has a ready explanation for his demand. "I was sitting outside her dressing room waiting for her one night for about half an hour," he says, "when all of a sudden it came over me, and I thought to myself, 'What am I, a John?' " The Gordons live quietly in a hotel in the West Fifties and their social excitement is limited mostly to Mrs. Gordon's bridge parties (Max does not play) and the annual visit of her mother, who lives in Philadelphia. Gordon's relations with his mother-in-law are agreeable, although he wistfully insists that she has never yet said hello to him. He gets up around half past six nearly every morning and reads plays until about ten, when he goes to his office. "Max is the only man in New York," George Jessel once said, "who by nine A.M. has already been lonesome

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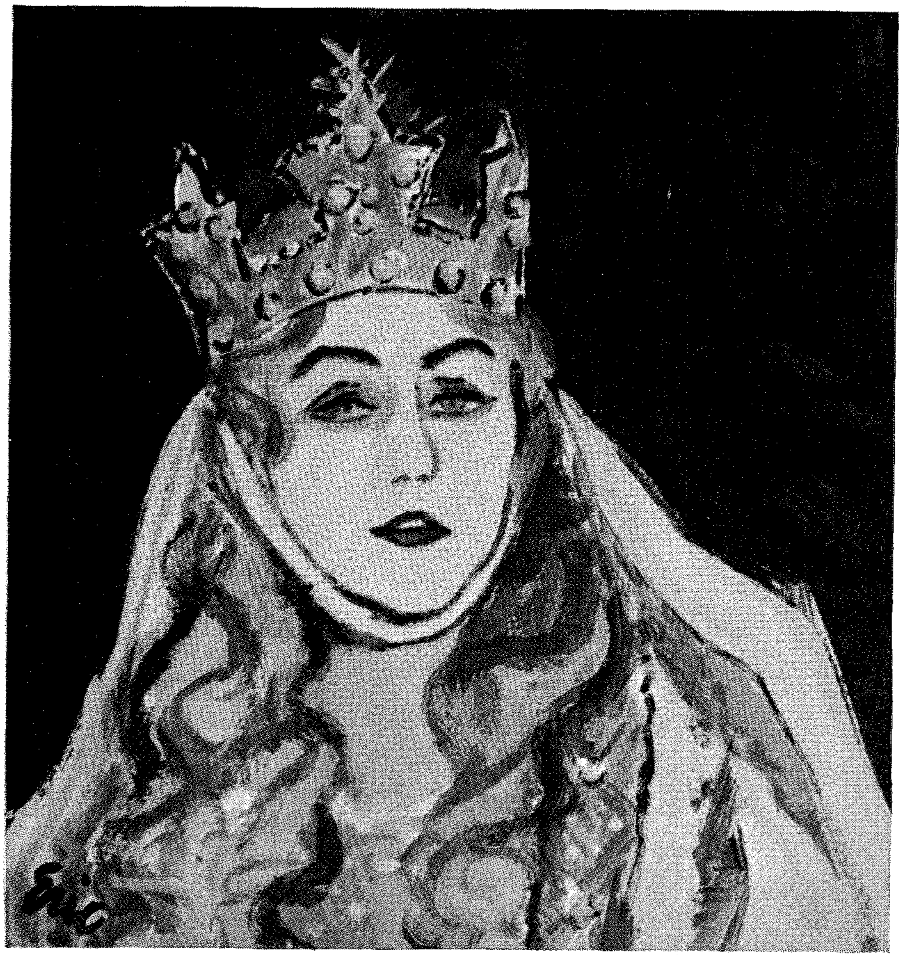

Lotte Lehmann as Elizabeth in Tannhäuser, an original painting for Columbia Records by Carl Erickson

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Directed by Mr. Shumlin
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MAX GORDON presents
MY SISTER EILEEN
THE RIOTOUS LAUGH HIT
by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

for two hours." Until his mother's death seven years ago, Max used to take a taxi to her apartment on West 116th Street every morning to have breakfast with her. He does not own a car and has never learned to drive.

Recently a lady interviewer asked Gordon to lunch in a restaurant and paid the check over his shocked protest, even buying him a mild cigar. Max ran into Ben Bernie later in the day and told him of this experience. "I never had such a thing happen to me before in my life," he declared. "Why, listen, thirty years ago Trixie Friganza took my brother Cliff to lunch one day and paid the check, and when Cliff came home and told Mamma about it, Mamma wouldn't speak to him for a week." Bernie replied with a suggestion. "I tell you what to do, Max," he said. "You ask this lady interviewer to lunch tomorrow, and when the check comes you turn to her and say, 'This time, my dear madam, we simply *have* to toss for it.' " Gordon instantly wired the female check-grabber and reserved a table, with flowers, at Twenty-One. By the time they sat down to lunch his mind had darted to another, ever-present problem. "All I have to say to you," he told the waiter, "is keep the potatoes away from me. I got to get into my dress suit next week for the Gridiron Dinner."

Next to his own career, Gordon's greatest interest is politics and politicians, and his love for them is as dreamy and absolute as a stage-struck youth's infatuation with the theatre. More than once, when a play of his is opening in Washington, he has sneaked away from the theatre to sit in the gallery of the House, listening happily to a debate. Morris Ernst once remarked that Max would rather meet a congressman, a senator, or even an alderman than the most dazzlingly beautiful woman in the world. "That is only a slight exaggeration," Gordon said when he heard about it. There are few politically prominent people whom he hasn't met, and he has a talent for making them remember him. The first time he was introduced to Bernard Baruch, he thrust his chin upward and forward and pointed to a mark on it. "See that scar?" he asked Baruch. "I got that when I was ten, falling off an exercise bar in the free swimming pool and gymnasium donated to the kids on Rivington Street by your father." The dramatic quality of Gordon's approach is even more apparent in his dealings with influential men in his own line of business whenever he wants them to do a favor for a pal. One

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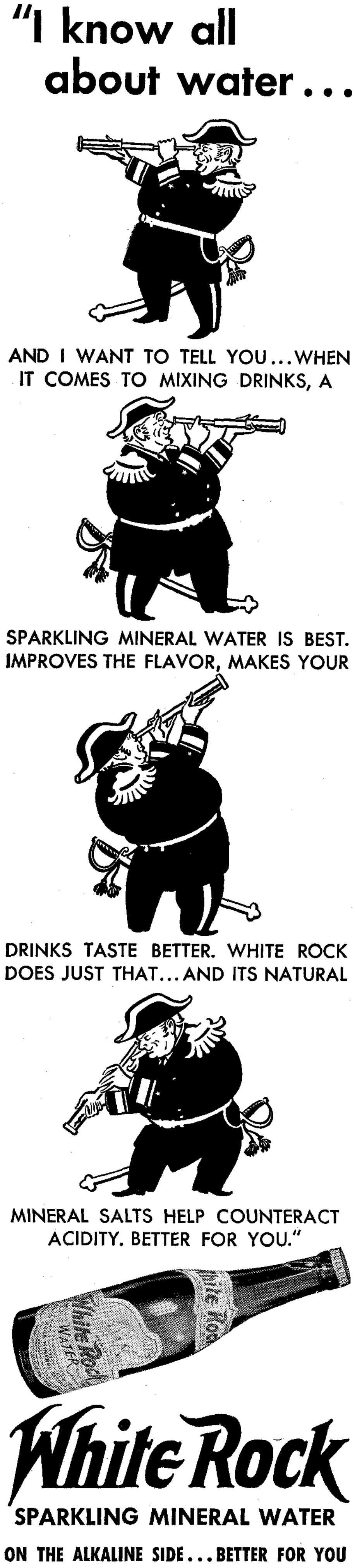

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time an actor who was also an old friend mentioned to Max that he was worried because his sister's husband had just been fired from his job with R.C.A. Knowing that Gordon was friendly with David Sarnoff, the president of R.C.A., the actor said, "If you happen to see Sarnoff, Max, and if you can sort of lead up to it naturally, will you put in a good word for the boy?" Gordon replied that, as it happened, Sarnoff was having dinner with him that night at the Waldorf-Astoria. "And so are you," he said to his friend. The actor agreed after some hesitation, but urged Gordon not to bring up the question of the brother-in-law's job that night. "Leave it to me," said Max. "I won't even mention it unless it happens to come up." At eight o'clock, Gordon and his pal stood at the top of the steps outside the Empire Room to welcome Sarnoff. "Say," Gordon demanded, as Sarnoff reached the top step, "what's the idea of firing this guy's brother-in-law?" The brother-in-law was reinstated next day.

Gordon's notion of diplomacy, which is to say immediately what he has to say and to expect an answer, is refreshing to a good many people bemused by the hedging, backtracking, and double-talk of formal diplomats in high places. Max would like to run for Congress after he has produced a few more shows. He talks about his ambition reluctantly, since he has no way of knowing that it will ever be fulfilled, but while he is dismissing it with a shrug and a shake of the head, he will pick up a pencil and a piece of paper and outline his idea about income tax, for instance. Max's idea about income tax is that people in the creative and precarious professions, like actors, actresses, writers, musicians, playwrights, and producers, should be given a break by the government. "They may work ten years before they make a hit and they may not have another hit for the next ten," he points out, "yet the tax they have to pay is based on their income at its highest point." He speaks of the olden times when poets and painters were subsidized, not soaked, with a sigh of regret that the present system offers little encouragement to creators to go on creating. If Gordon does run for Congress, this platform ought to guarantee him at least several thousand votes from the harried artists of this nation.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

•

Dinah has warm brown eyes and hair and lips to match.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.*

Take her away.

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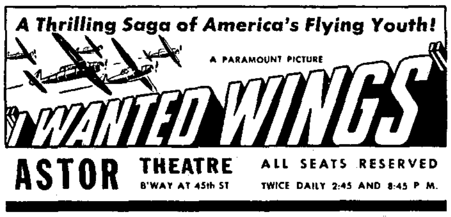

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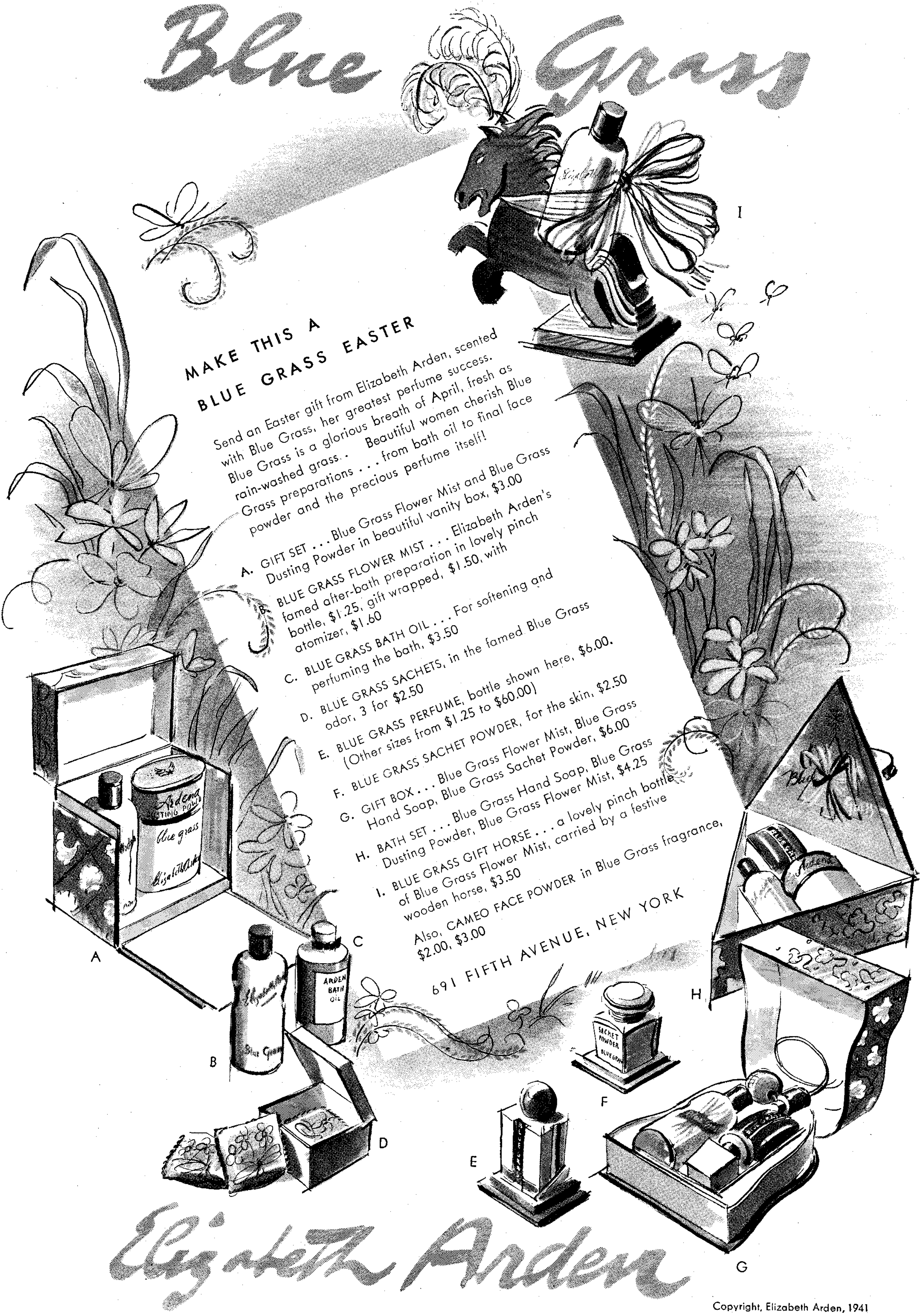

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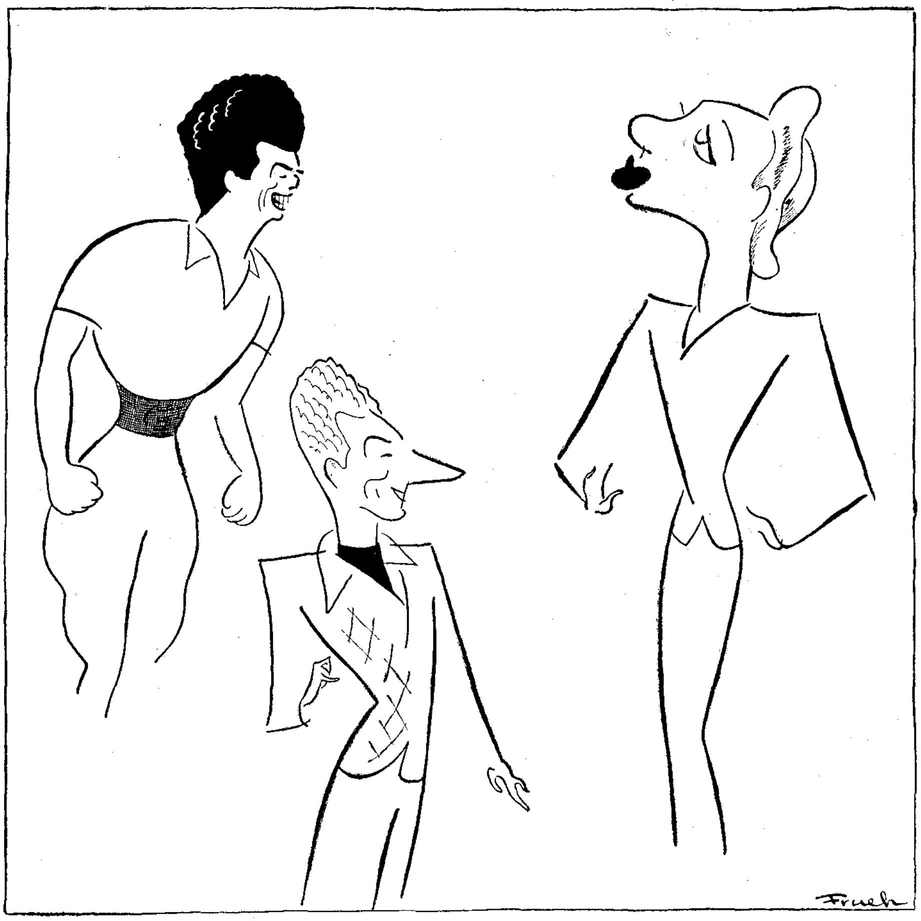
THE THEATRE

WHAT EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW

A COUPLE of weeks ago a young man from N.Y.U. came to talk to me about the theatre, having been previously discouraged, it seemed, by most of my colleagues. He picked the same day that my son and some of his little friends had chosen to find out if you could build a snow man on a radiator, so it wasn't a very successful interview. We agreed that up to then the season had been disappointing and touched on a few other matters, but after a while the smell of damp childhood got to be too much for him and he went away, without getting what he really came for, which was material for a little essay on the happy life of a dramatic critic and how to get to be one. The children, for inscrutable reasons of their own, decided that he was an interpreter and were rather disgusted with him for not speaking several languages; I don't think he was very favorably impressed with them, either. In any case, the profound and searching things I had been prepared to tell him about my work never got said and, in view of the fact that there is nothing else of a theatrical nature on my mind at the moment, I might as well put them down here. Attached, then, are ten golden rules for the benefit of any young man who plans to spend his life inspecting actors and hopes to get paid for it.

I—*The Quick Fade, or Some Ethical Aspects of Ducking after the First Act.* This practice is frowned on by all virtuous reviewers. Just because a playwright has been dull and illiterate for forty minutes, it is not fair to assume that he's going to go on being that way the rest of the night, though I'm sure I don't see *why* it isn't. If the second act also appears to be the work of an idiot child, however, it is O.K. to go home. Thus, when I left "My Fair Ladies" at 10:25 last Sunday evening, I wasn't conscious of sin. There was enough suffering at the Hudson without adding mine.



"LADY IN THE DARK"

In this picture, Gertrude Lawrence seems to be going through one of those manic-depressive seizures so interesting to her psychoanalyst. The gentlemen are Victor Mature and Danny Kaye, good with horses and chintz, respectively. Moss Hart's musical fantasy is at the Alvin.

II—*The Marginal Notation, or Hen Tracks in the Sands of Time.* The most successful critics are always scribbling things in their programs, largely because it gives them an important and industrious air. Also, it is interesting to try to figure out what you've written afterward. Last week, for instance, I made a very helpful note during the second act of a drama called "They Walk Alone." "Lanchstr get face stuck 1 these nights awful if," it seemed to say.

III—*Second-Story Men at Work, or Guarding the Koh-i-noor.* Now and then the writer, brooding in the dark, thinks up an epigram so concise and deadly that it is almost a complete review in itself. Naturally, there is a strong temptation to exhibit this pearl to his colleagues, who huddle on the sidewalk between acts like dusty crows on a fence, but it is always resisted. The seasoned critic, in fact, never offers anything but his second-best meditations to anybody before he gets his piece written. This is an unnecessary precaution, since no critic ever really thought another had any opinions worth listening to, much less swiping, but it is part of the tradition and should be respected.

IV—*The Well-Dressed Critic, or What God Would Wear.* To the considerable annoyance of their wives and sweethearts, it is hell's own job to get most reviewers into dinner coats for anything less than Shakespeare or a $6.60 top. The working uniform, generally speaking, is a well-worn gray suit, apparently stuffed with dead actors; a blue shirt; and a hat that can be sat on. This outfit is a form of criticism in itself, a notice to producers that its wearer is no man to be intimidated by any fancy stuff on the stage.

V—*Just Try to Beat Daddy to the Bar, or How About a Quick One?* The intelligent critic is very wary about skipping across the street for a drink between the acts unless he is going to give the show a rave. If he pans it, the management's spies will instantly conclude that he was drunk as a mink when he wrote his piece and probably telephoned it in from a brothel. See also "*The Quick Fade.*"

VI—*Hobson's Choice, or Whither Grandma?* About once a week the average critic is asked to recommend a show suitable for an old lady who has something seriously the matter with her head.

This is the only really insuperable problem to be met with in the profession, except perhaps moving west on Forty-fifth Street on a rainy night. "Hellz-a-Poppin" is as good a choice as any, on the ground that there is a chance it will either kill her off altogether or else leave her too batty to complain, but you can't count on it.

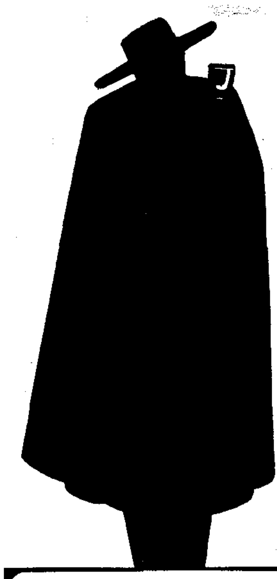
VII—*The Rueful Meeting, or Bygones Are Never Bygones on Broadway.* With a few exceptions, actors, playwrights, and producers have schooled themselves not to dismantle hostile critics in public. Some haven't, however, and the critic who knowingly frequents places where actors congregate deserves whatever he gets. After all, sensible bullfighters don't drink cocktails with the bulls.

VIII—*The Empty Chair, or The Bad Companions.* Even critics' wives sometimes get enough, and there will be times when you'll be faced with the problem of what to do with that extra seat. This is a very important matter, because, consciously or not, you are almost sure to be influenced by your companion's behavior. I know earnest and mournful young women who have almost persuaded me that Beatrice Lillie was silly, and frivolous little items who crowed so happily over Ibsen that I have often been tempted to look under them for eggs. The critics I know meet this dilemma in various ways. One man takes his physician, others take their relatives, many evade the issue by going alone. Altogether, the last is probably best, since it solves the problem of what to do with your coat.

IX—*The Critic as Sphinx, or What's Behind Nothing?* Simple-minded customers sometimes look at critics to see how they are taking the show. This is just a waste of time, because the veteran observer's outside appearance has little or nothing to do with his emotions. If he laughs, the chances are that he is amused by his own mysterious and dissolute thoughts; if he looks solemn, he is probably merely asleep. This protective inscrutability has to be cultivated by young critics, but after a while it gets to be second nature.

X—*The Mantle of Winter, or Edwin Booth Revisited.* Old critics frequently try to intimidate their juniors by going on about some performance of "Hamlet" they saw immediately after the Battle of Appomattox. This is irritating, but it can be ignored by the philosophical. Remember that in 1965 you will undoubtedly be just as tiresome about Maurice Evans, and that Time takes care of everything in the end, even the New York Drama Critics Circle.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

CONCHIES

Great Britain is the only country now at war which allows military exemption to men who conscientiously object to taking their part in the job. Among these men is one of my friends, a man who has a conscience which rises up sharply when it is a question of breaking the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." He prefers to contribute what he can in the Auxiliary Fire Service. The other day he got a call to present himself before one of the several London tribunals where the conscientious objectors, or conchies, are given hearings, and I went along to see how these courts work. He had been told to turn up at 10 A.M., and we arrived at the court on the dot. It was a large and gloomy chamber in a suburban town hall, and along one side, seated in a row of chairs, were a number of young men, identified for us by a bystander as conchies, and their friends. The first thing I was to discover about the average conchie was that he likes to hear himself talk. The court was not yet in session, and as the young men waited, they found a good deal to say, autobiographically.

After we had sat around for about a quarter of an hour, the tribunal's chairman and his three colleagues arrived. As they filed in, a court attendant who had been sunk in early-morning gloom told us to rise, and after they had taken their seats, he hissed at us, "Sit." The first name to be called was MacBride, and a dark, burly youth carrying a briefcase took his stand in front of the bench, which was on a raised dais. He walked up with the perky manner of one who was prepared for anything. The next move was the chairman's. He read, in a voice which successfully evaded any expression, a statement which the conchie had sent in when he filled in his form applying for exemption. Mr. MacBride had made a long statement. He strongly objected, on humanitarian grounds, to killing or hurting his fellow-creatures. He considered his duty toward his fellows to be to help them and not to harm them, whatever the provocation. He'd also got in a jump ahead of a possible question the court might put to him. "If I am asked," he had written, "what I would do if I saw a German trying to machine-gun my mother and whether I wouldn't try to stop him, I should answer that I would do my utmost to protect my mother and restrain the German. But I wouldn't kill him. If I did, I should hold myself responsible for doing something in the heat of the moment of which my better judgment disapproved." As for helping his country, he had joined the Auxiliary Fire Service, or A.F.S., a month before Great Britain declared war, but his state of health would not permit him to stay in the service. As soon as possible he would try and find other civil-defence work.

The chairman, thin and ascetic-looking, laid down Mr. MacBride's statement and asked politely, "Is there anything you wish to add to this statement, Mr. MacBride?"

"Yes," replied Mr. MacBride eagerly. "With regard to my state of health, I have here with me three certificates, one signed by a very eminent medical man, to say—"

The chairman lifted a restraining hand. "Your state of health doesn't happen to be our concern."

"But surely—"

"We are not interested in your health, Mr. MacBride," interrupted the chairman again. Then he looked apologetic, half smiled, and explained, "That is to say, we are naturally very sorry if you don't feel well, very sorry, but it isn't our business. When you have your medical examination, the doctor will decide what work you can do."

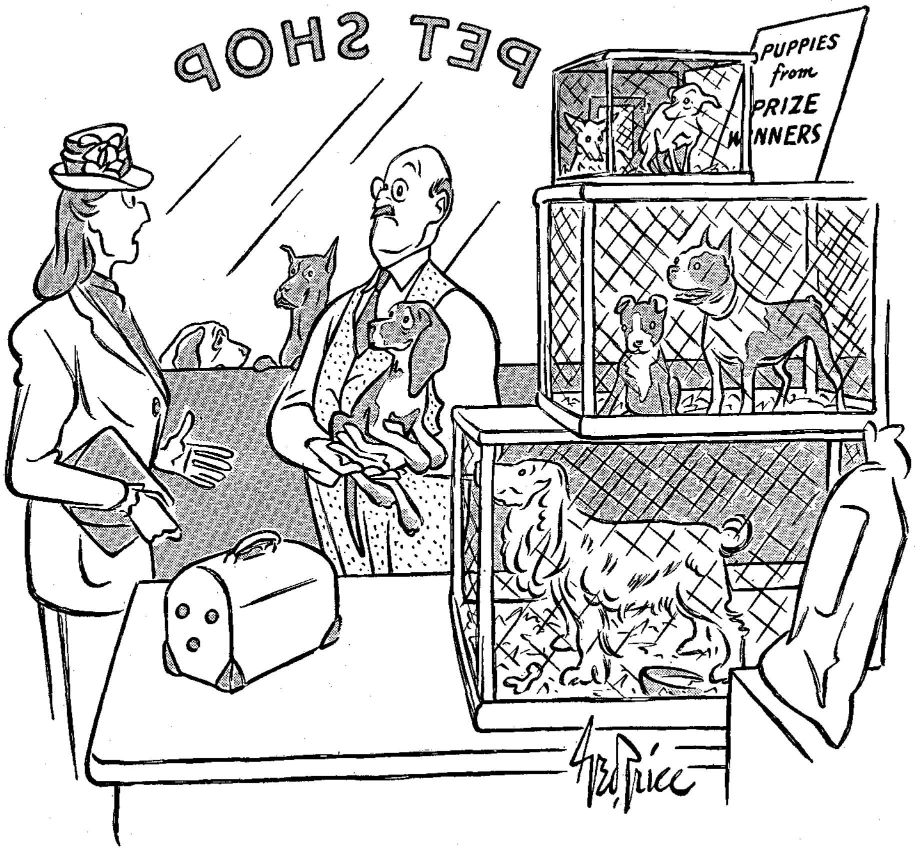
Mr. MacBride did not take kindly to this check. "But I can't see that it is not—well, germane. If you decide to admit my plea for exemption, then I might have to resume my duties with the A.F.S. without an immediate medical examination. As I understand the procedure—"

The chairman had leaned back with his eyes half closed, but another member of the tribunal, a stout Yorkshireman who lacked the elegance of manner of his colleagues and who, I learned later, was the trade unions' representative on the tribunal, couldn't bear any more. "Can't you understand," he interrupted, "that we are sitting here to decide whether your objections are sincere or not, not whether you don't feel well?"

"Certainly my objections are sincere."

"Then suppose you tell us," said the chairman, rousing himself, "why, when you say in your statement that your duty toward your fellow-creatures is to help them, why that duty excludes the victims of Hitler's Gestapo?"

"I'm inclined to think that all that may be exaggerated," replied Mr. MacBride. "We only hear and read one side



"I don't want to go that high. Don't you have one descended from a long line of runners-up?"

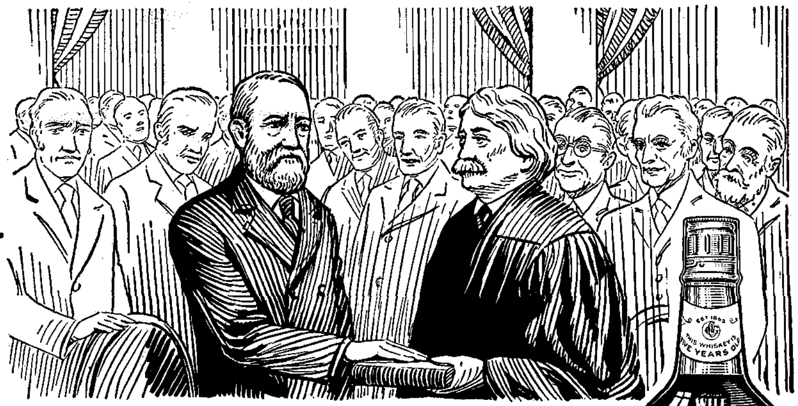
of the matter." He went on fluently, telling the court, among other things, that God was not an Englishman. As he talked on, boredom descended heavily upon the court. It was evidently difficult to concentrate upon his irreproachable sentiments. After a little more sparring, he was given a conditional exemption, of which there are two types: under the first a man is required to enter noncombatant service (stretcher-bearing, telegraphy, and so on); under the second, a man must do civil-defence work. Mr. MacBride received the first. He stepped down briskly and left the court with a look on his face that obviously meant "I shall appeal."

THE next man, named Robinson, was a milder specimen. He wore an A.R.P. badge. His statement explained that he had devoted the whole of his life—a period reduced later by the chairman's questioning to six years of his adult existence—in speaking and working as a happy and useful member of several societies whose aim it was to bring about international friendship and brotherhood. "How can I, who have spent so many holidays abroad, who have so many German and Italian friends," he had written, "be expected to engage in a war against them, a war which, whatever may be said for it—and I am aware that the greatest guilt is on the part of the Nazis—does not do anything to cement the one cause I have at heart?"

His point of view soon attracted the attention of a sandy-haired member of the tribunal—an Oxford don, I was told—who peered at him from above hunched shoulders. "Aren't you merely saying," this man inquired in a high-pitched voice, "that it is harder for you than for some people to engage in warfare owing to your European friends? Others of us have friends, and good friends, abroad." He took off his pince-nez and considered them thoughtfully. "At Oxford I happen to have coached young men for Greats, foreign students of whom I became very fond, young men full of promise. But that doesn't mean to say, Mr. Robinson, that it is therefore wrong to fight for one's own country when her very existence is threatened."

Mr. Robinson appeared perplexed and miserable under this rebuke. The Yorkshireman, with his air of getting down to brass tacks, then asked him, "Don't you realize your country is in danger?"

"I'm not sure that I think that," replied Mr. Robinson, recovering. "In



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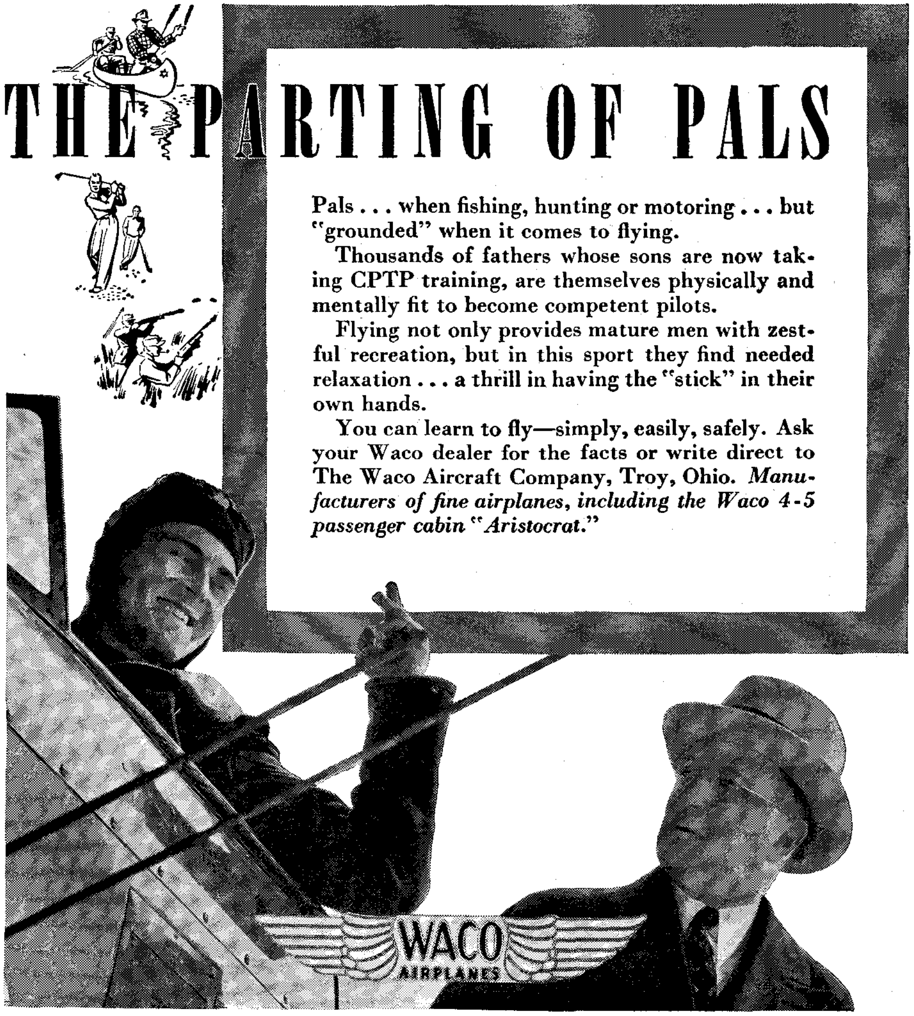

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so far as the anti-Nazi cause is a just one, I believe it will prosper."

"Without doing your bit to help it?"

"I believe the good always wins in the end," said Mr. Robinson.

"Why do you assume that?" asked the chairman. "The Germans have won a good many victories so far, haven't they?"

Mr. Robinson failed to answer. The Yorkshireman loudly repeated the question. Mr. Robinson said firmly, "Right must conquer."

"A very happy view," said the chairman.

"It *does* happen," insisted Mr. Robinson, slightly agitated.

"You hold a very superficial view," said the don reprovingly.

"Very easy," said the chairman, rubbing the side of his head. "Happy-go-lucky. Come day, go day, God send Sunday. Everything for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Well?"

Notes were passed along the bench, and Mr. Robinson, like Mr. MacBride, was told he'd have to register for non-combatant service.

There followed a bald-headed young man, also in the A.R.P., whose strongest point was that long before the war his had been one of the voices raised in support of disarmament. He still believed that the only way to bring about a lasting peace was for all the nations to disarm immediately. The chairman closed his eyes and sighed deeply, but the young man gently persisted. He had taken the precaution of bringing along the vicar of the church he attended, and the vicar testified in support of his sincerity. "I have known this young man for ten years," said the vicar in a fatherly manner, "and though I do not now share his views, I am certain that he profoundly believes everything he says to be true. For years he has spoken at our church discussions on this subject of disarmament." With what appeared to be a certain reluctance, the tribunal decided to allow the candidate to remain in A.R.P. work.

THE man whose name was next called was a change. His clothes lacked the spruceness of his predecessors' and his manner their placidity. He sprang into position with the swagger of a man very much at home on a soapbox. His statement, read as tonelessly as usual by the chairman, declared his conviction that war was never made by the people but by munitions and capitalist interests. He intended to have nothing to do with a swindle by which the poor were sent out to die for something they neither knew nor cared anything about. He immediately aroused the antagonism of the Yorkshireman.

"You say the people. You mean the working classes to which you belong and to which I belong?"

"Yes, I do."

"Aren't the working classes, aren't the trade unions heart and soul in this war? Aren't they making munitions? Aren't they giving up their lives?"

"Yes, because they believe the dope that's handed out to them, and they are harried from pillar to post."

"And you are different? You are more clever than anybody else?"

"I stand by the exploited workers of the world, whatever country they are in."

"Are you a trade unionist?"

"No, I'm not. I don't have anyone tell me what to do. I was a Catholic, but I've left the Church because I object to their attitude in this war."

"You alone know what's true? Everybody else is a fool?"

"Put it that way. I don't care."

The chairman gave a little cough. The court decided that no exemption should be granted.

That didn't disappoint the petitioner. "Of course I haven't a chance," he commented. "I didn't come here expecting justice. Not likely." He smiled scornfully as he strode out of the court with the air of a conqueror.

He was followed by a Christadelphian who didn't have very much to say but whose appeal, made on religious grounds, was admitted. After him came a self-assured private chauffeur who announced that he was a vegetarian, teetotaller, and non-smoker, and that he objected "mentally, physically, and spiritually to the war."

"What do you mean by objecting physically?" asked the chairman.

"I don't wish to injure anybody, sir."

"You don't mean that you object to getting injured yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the chauffeur in a slightly shocked voice.

"Then you are very different from most of us."

The don next took over the examination. Finally the chauffeur's father, who was sitting next to my friend and me, rose and went to the bench to request that he be allowed to speak for his son. The don asked him gravely, "Would you say that your son follows an argument easily?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"He doesn't seem able to argue very logically."

"He does with his brothers, sir," said the father, looking over at his son disapprovingly. "He leaves them without a word to say." The don subsided and the father returned slowly to his chair. After sitting down, he began muttering to us that he had spoken the truth about his son and that he couldn't do any more. The son received only a conditional exemption.

Then there bobbed up a rosy-cheeked Presbyterian whose heart, he said, went out to all the world and who had signed a pledge, at the age of sixteen, never to engage in warfare. The chairman asked him what he would consider the right thing to do if the Germans invaded this country. He replied that civil disturbances were what he would recommend. "That wouldn't stop them for a moment," the chairman commented.

AFTER the rosy-cheeked fellow was disposed of—no exemption—my friend's name was called. His pro-war friends had advised him not to make a fool of himself by arguing, and he was completely tongue-tied during the first part of his examination. The chairman looked at him in a puzzled way, as if to say that an inarticulate conchie was a curiosity. Then he asked, "You know all the arguments against your pacifist attitude?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you don't know the arguments on your own side. Well, well!" He sat back delightedly and the don took over.

"You tell us," the don said, "you can't explain your point of view intellectually, and you have said you are a Catholic. That is hardly the attitude of the Catholic Church. Perhaps you know that St. Thomas Aquinas wrote several hundred pages on the subject of war."

"Yes, sir. And perhaps I might if I were Aquinas."

"From the Catholic point of view, surely, warfare is allowable if it is waged to bring about a just peace?"

"I don't believe that this war will bring about a just peace."

"Well," said the chairman, again demonstrating his aptitude for having the last word, "you seem to be claiming the gift of prophecy. All that is in the future. None of us knows yet, do we, whether we shall have a just peace or not?"

"I suppose that's true," said my friend

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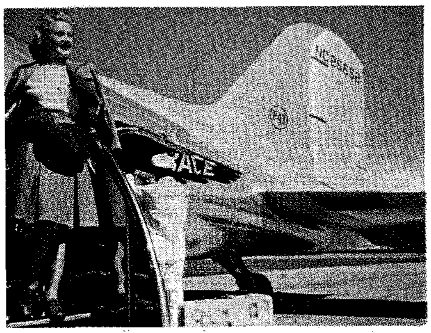

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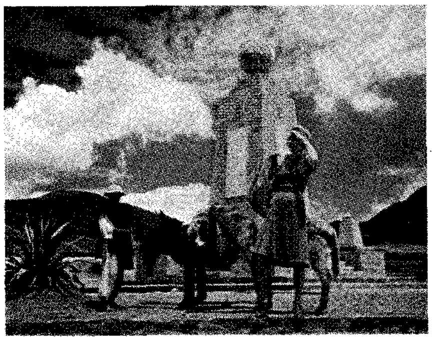

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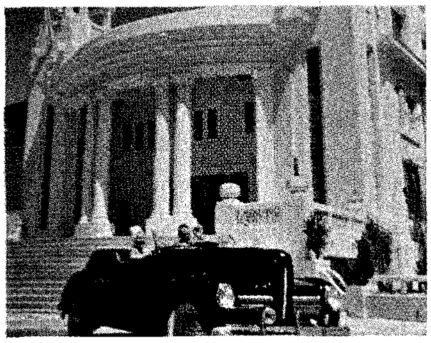

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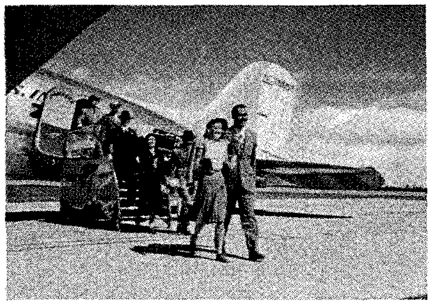

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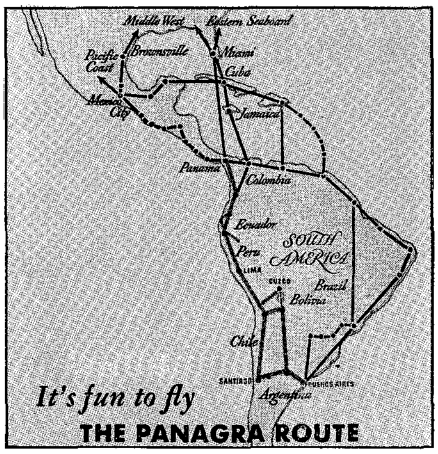

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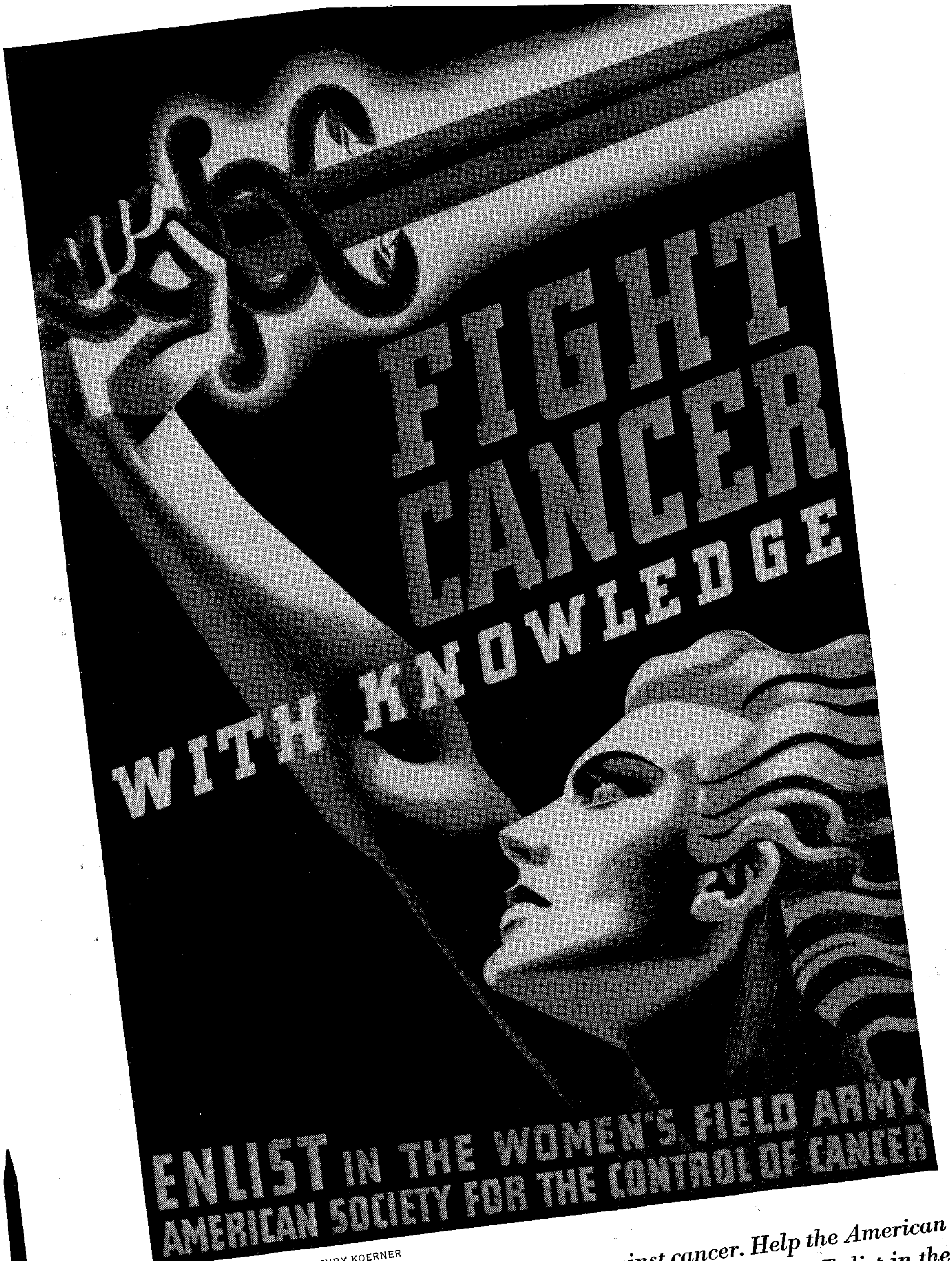

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worriedly. His capacity for seeing two sides, however, did not gain for him more than conditional exemption.

IF an appeal for exemption from Army service is dismissed by a local tribunal, the petitioner has the right to bring his case before a final tribunal. I decided, next day, to visit one of these higher courts and see the proceedings there. The atmosphere of an appeal court is supposedly less intimidating to conchies. Candidates sit while they are being examined, and certainly, on the occasion of my visit, the remote politeness and detachment of the British Civil Service were beautifully demonstrated by the suave, rubicund chairman. Whereas he had none of the eagerness to score a point displayed by the chairman of the lower court, he and his two colleagues showed a greater tendency to yawn and rustle papers. The main diversion came from the outside. During my stay two air-raid warnings were sounded, and each time we all moved down several flights of stairs to a shelter, where proceedings were resumed. When the all-clear went, we moved back again, for all the world as if we were just playing a genteel parlor game.

This tribunal's forte was not argument but courteous attention. When one young man, asked what church he belonged to, replied solemnly, "The Scriptures speak of us as The Brethren," the chairman nodded amiably, merely inquiring, "That *is* the same as the Plymouth Brethren, is it not?"

He showed himself a trifle put out only once, when he thought someone had misused a word. A middle-aged lay preacher had travelled up from South Wales to give evidence on behalf of the sincerity of one of his flock. He had sent in a letter which included the statement that his young friend had been persecuted by his fellow-workers on account of his pacifist views. The chairman blinked a little at the letter and then asked, "What do you mean by 'persecuted,' Mr. Evans?"

"I mean he was jeered at," said Mr. Evans. "It's inevitable, of course, quite inevitable. Anybody who takes an unpopular view is always jeered at."

"But why do you say that a person who is jeered at is persecuted? Have you any definite instances of persecution of which to inform the tribunal?"

"Well, they laugh and sneer. They make game of him." Mr. Evans shuffled his feet impatiently. "I don't want to stress the persecution—I didn't travel all this way for that. But it's not pleasant to

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be jeered at. Anyone who's been made game of knows that."

"I think, as a minister and a responsible person, you should be more careful in your use of words," said the chairman. He wound up the matter by overruling the order of the man's local tribunal and granting him exemption from military service on condition that he take up A.R.P. work, join the A.F.S., or work on the land, the last being the favorite solution of this appeal court.

The next man was less fortunate. I had noticed him soon after arriving in the court, because he was a thickset and strangely tough specimen of objector. Conchies run to pallor and spectacles, are deferential and a little unhappy, and lacking in ease if their objections are religious, though more assured and glib if their scruples are humanitarian. This man fell into neither class. His complexion suggested that he was no stranger to hard liquor, and he passed the interval of waiting for his name to be called in sprawling on his chair with his eyes closed. Once when, owing to German attentions, we were told to descend to the shelter, he roused himself reluctantly and lumbered down the stairs with the peevishness of a man disturbed in an after-dinner nap. When his name, Daly, was called, he settled down in front of the tribunal, produced a sheet of paper from an inside pocket of his vest, and, moving a thick finger along each line, read a statement in a softly cooing voice. He was not an educated man, he read, but he had been converted to a dislike of war by pondering Edith Cavell's statement: "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." "I believe," he read, "that we should be friends with everyone. Ernest Bevin said the same once. But it looks like Ernest Bevin has changed his mind. But I haven't changed my mind. I remember the last war, and I don't like what I remember."

A dark, rather gaunt-faced member of the tribunal asked, "Did you write that down yourself?"

"Yes, I did write it myself. This is my handwriting." Mr. Daly held up the sheet of paper for the closer attention of the tribunal, but no one made a move to take it from him. "I wrote it in the lodging house where I stayed."

"You are a casual laborer?"

"Yes, I am."

"And resident in Cambridge?"

"So far."

"What do you mean by 'so far'?"

"I might be turned off any time. Then I have to go somewhere else."

After a short pause the chairman

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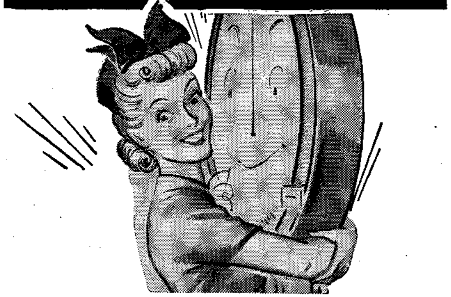

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looked up from a paper he was reading and asked, "Have you a family? Is your father alive?"

"I don't know and I don't care. My father's nothing to me. I don't know where he is and I don't want to know." Mr. Daly looked round the room with an expression of pride.

"Quite," said the chairman hastily.

A colleague asked, "What is your present employment?"

"What am I doing now? Loading timber."

"Did you inquire if the timber was to be used for war purposes?"

"No, I did not. It's not my business what they do with it."

"I think it is your business," said the gaunt member of the tribunal. "If I held your views, I should certainly inquire where the timber is going."

"It might be going anywhere," said Mr. Daly, shrugging his shoulders. "How can I tell? It might be going to you. I don't know."

"Other people are giving up their lives in support of their views. It seems that you are not even willing to give up the chance of a job," the gaunt man said.

"Are you willing to work for your country in the A.F.S?" asked the chairman.

"No, I am not," said Mr. Daly firmly. "I don't want to have anything to do with any of it, see? Because I don't believe in it."

For the first time since I had been there the tribunal was definitely discouraged. Heads shaking, it conferred. His appeal was dismissed and an attendant motioned him to rise. On his feet, Mr. Daly asked loudly, "Is it all over?"

"Yes," said the attendant, and escorted him to the door and out into the corridor.

WHEN I left the courtroom ten or fifteen minutes later, I discovered Mr. Daly standing outside, brooding deeply. He stopped me. "Can you tell me," he asked, "what those gentlemen said? I won, didn't I?"

"I'm afraid you didn't. They dismissed your appeal."

"I couldn't understand what they said. Dismissed it, did they? Well, I don't care. I shall appeal again."

"I'm not sure that you can," I said, expressing some doubt in order to be tactful. "You're Irish, aren't you, Mr. Daly?" I asked him.

He looked immensely cunning. "No, I'm not Irish," he said. "I wouldn't tell them that I was Irish. Not likely."

"I'm half Irish myself, so I wondered," I said.

"Have you got what I've got?" said Mr. Daly, pointing at a scar on his forehead that looked like the mark of a deep burn. "All the real Irish have that."

I admitted I hadn't.

"You heard what I wrote out," said Mr. Daly. He thrust a sheet of paper under my nose. I saw the names Cavell and Bevin in large letters.

"Yes. It was good," I said, again trying to be tactful.

"Come and have a beer," he suggested.

"I'm afraid they don't open till six," I replied.

"Not open till the evening? Don't you open till the evening in London? Well, I'll catch my train back to Cambridge. Will they give me my fare?"

"I don't know."

"I shall write and ask them for it. And I shall appeal again," said Mr. Daly. "I shall go on appealing. So long."

"So long," I said. —NORAH HOULT

DIRGE AND CALL TO ARMS

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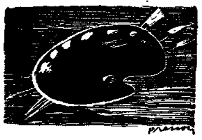
The lights in Tuxedo Park
Are dark.
Gone are the homes of Mortimers and Barbeys,
The horsy men, the followers of Derbys.
Abandoned the bridle paths, the hallowed acres
Where cantered Astors and where galloped Bakers.
Demolished the Tudor halls, crumbled the citadels, beneath the axes
Of taxes.
Alas, eheu!
What shall they do, the banking Colts, the founding Lorillards who hold the notes?
I wouldn't like to be in their boats.
Would you?
When the mortgage falls due?
Must America's Lake Como
Let in plain Sapiens Homo?
Shall we save it or shall we sack it—
Olympus of the upper bracket
That housed the Harrimans and named the dinner jacket,
Last stand of aristocracy—
While on little feet, like a covey of roaches,
Democracy
Encroaches?
Shall the Park go?
NO!
Awake, G. F. Bakers! Awake, H. M. Tilfords! Awake, J. Insley Blairs!
Come out of your panelled lairs!
Continue to dress for dinner! Be of good cheer!
Let in gay youth that earns five thousand bucks a year!
Where there is a deficit of blue,
Red blood must do.
Let in the Smiths, the Joneses, the boys who lately crept
Into the *Social Register* while Cerberus slept.
Admit the proletarians who have
A cheerless rear apartment on Park Ave.
Admit the best of Flushing and the bester
Of Westchester.
Let them build cottages where castles stood. Let them gape their fill.
They shall foot the bill.
Thumbs up, you Astors! You Lorillards, heads high!
Tuxedo shall not die
So long as there are Smiths and in their bones is
Bred the necessity of keeping up with Joneses.

—NINA BOURNE

THE ART GALLERIES

The New National



IN a way, I suppose, nothing quite like the new National Gallery of Art, in Washington, ever happened before. No other great museum I know of started with so rich an endowment, so nearly complete a plant, so costly an aggregation of art. The Louvre began with the private collection of François I, called the Cabinet du Roi; other rulers added to it, notably Louis XIV, but as late as the end of the seventeenth century it contained only about five hundred paintings, and not till after the Revolution did the place officially become a museum, open to the public three days in the ten-day week prescribed by the Republican calendar. It had to wait until Napoleon had ransacked Egypt and Italy before its collection really attained impressive size. The Metropolitan was incorporated in 1870, but at first it was housed in an old brownstone on Fifth Avenue, and ten years passed before it settled in a permanent home. The National Gallery of London began with only thirty-eight pictures, and was fourteen years getting properly located.

By contrast, the National Gallery of Washington springs into existence almost full-grown. The product of Andrew Mellon's fifteen-million-dollar whim, John Russell Pope's last classic dream in pink marble, the building stands just west of the Capitol on Pennsylvania Avenue, and the statistics are almost frightening. It's 785 feet, or almost one-sixth of a mile, long and has over 500,000 square feet of floor space; it is, I'm told, the largest marble structure in the world. A huge—and, I'm sorry to say, rather awful—rotunda forms its central feature. Modelled, I believe, on the Pantheon at Rome, this is a hundred feet in height, and its dome, like that of its Roman model, is hemispherical, with an aperture, or oculus, at the apex to let in light.

Two long wings, each with a wide central hall and a double row of exhibition rooms on either side, comprise the rest of the building. Six hundred-odd paintings and sculptures from the Mellon and the Kress collections are the nucleus with which the museum starts, and though their number is comparatively small and the field they cover is limited—both the gentlemen concerned, as you probably know, centred their interests mainly on early Italian art—probably nowhere else in the world is it covered so thoroughly. One of the paintings, the so-called "Alba Madonna" by Raphael, is valued at $1,200,000, and there are at least a half-dozen other items which probably crowd the million-dollar mark. It's likely, too, world conditions being what they are, that for a long time to come no future collector will undertake to amass an assortment of such rarity and price. Since the days of the late Lord Duveen—the Tex Rickard of art, I've always fondly called him—people just haven't paid that much money.

All this, or most of it, is information that came to me in the press releases, and I went down to see the show with an understandable idea that the affair might be a little too rich for my blood. I'm glad to report, however, that the collection more than lives up to everything that has been said about it. Despite the great size of the building and its somewhat forbidding exterior, the interior is surprisingly intimate in feeling; indeed, homelike is almost the word, for each of the fifty-odd exhibition galleries in use is about the size of an average living room and the disposition of the pictures is as uncrowded as it would be in the ordinary home. In such circumstances, even the "Alba Madonna"—large and flowing in style, blue in its tonality—has a cozy air, as if it had been bought for that spot, and hung lovingly, and no other place for it would do.

YOU begin, of course, away ahead of the Raphaels, among the Duccios and the Giottos and the works of the other thirteenth- and fourteenth-century painters. There's a fine Giotto "Madonna and Child" and a perhaps even better Duccio, "The Calling of the Apostles Peter and Andrew," but these two giants of medieval painting are not as well represented as their lesser contemporaries and followers, and in this section it was among such pieces as the small, tense, startlingly vivid "The Flagellation" by Bernardo Daddi, the Simone Martini "St. John the Baptist," and the lovely little Lippo Memmi "Madonna and Child with Donor" (the donor, as befitted his humility, is represented almost in miniature, in the lower left-hand corner of the panel) that I found most enjoyment. But it's not till you reach the beginning of the fifteenth century that the collection really gets going. Here you'll find two paintings by Masaccio, the astounding innovator who died so young and who, if he had lived, might have hastened by almost a century the rise of naturalism in painting. Though neither of them quite comes up to his great frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, one, his "Madonna of Humility," shows the flexibility of style, the knowledge of the body's articulation, and the feeling for atmospheric perspective that he alone among his contemporaries seemed to have.

Here, too, you'll find what I think is the finest single room in the gallery. Ten paintings are in it, and I'm going to list them all. They are, then: a Masaccio "Profile Portrait of a Young Man;" "St. Jerome in the Wilderness," by Mantegna; a "Portrait of a Youth," a "Madonna and Child," and "The

TO TRAINS
R.J.D.

sensitive skin. Nervous parents are also soothed by promises that the state will act as the most vigilant of guardians to youthful daughters far from home. Finally, if a woman is pregnant or has young children, she is not to be called up at all.

The beginning of the long-threatened drive to bring womanpower into the war effort resulted in a House of Commons debate which will produce, it is hoped, plain assurances that women will be given reasonable wages and working conditions and more responsible executive posts than they have at the moment. There are those who think that a general call-up of unoccupied women won't be necessary, and that Bevin is relying on a universal scuttle to get in on the good jobs early. Certainly the social pattern is already being affected by the new order. Domestic servants are soon going to be as extinct as the mammoth, and the advertising columns of the morning papers are filled daily with the wails of anguished ladies trying to tempt cooks with details of enormous wages, happy homes, and safe locales, where a bomb is guaranteed to be unknown. The snatching away of kitchen help in their prime has brought fresh life to ancient servitors, who have come creaking out of retirement to ask and get money that British mistresses think is fabulous.

There are also plenty of people who hope fervently that Bevin won't stop with what he has done and will show the kind of wholesale ruthlessness for which the nation is emotionally ready but which so many of those at the top still seem reluctant to use. It is indicative of something special in the way of national determination that the continuance of horse racing has just been hotly attacked by a number of angry critics who have figured out the nice mathematical problem of how many hens could be fed on the daily ration of one race horse. Among those who answered this criticism was the King's brother-in-law, Lord Harewood, who replied with dignity, "Those interested in racing have not pressed for the indulgence of their hobby when it conflicts with the national interest and all sections of the racing community have accepted the rulings of the stewards of the Jockey Club with not more grumbling than is the birthright of every Englishman."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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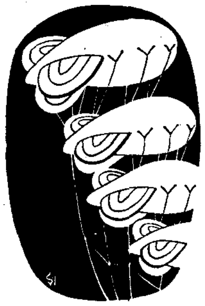
INSIST ON THE GENUINE

LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 22 (BY CABLE)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S historic speech was recognized by the press as "a political event of the first order" and by grateful millions everywhere as an occasion for a small, private *Nunc Dimittis*. Simple Britons who had been inclined to fret at the stately wording of the lend-lease bill now found themselves listening to a language that they could understand and a promise that they could believe. "Thank God!" said someone only half jokingly. "The tanks are coming." To most people, the guarantee of food is at least as important as the guarantee of ships, planes, and guns, and the bridge of ships to get them here is the most important problem of all. It becomes increasingly evident to the women who buy the food and the men who eat it that the subjugated countries are not the only ones which are going to have empty cupboards unless a quick answer is found to the Atlantic menace.



The recent alarming jump in the figures of weekly shipping losses and the bombings of the big ports are creating a situation which people, even with the current confidence, can't fail to see as extremely serious. Its implications are evident in the complicated conjuring act that Lord Woolton, the resourceful Minister of Food, is frequently obliged to perform, such as diverting the attention of the public with an extra inch of cheese in the right hand while spiriting jam away with the left. It seems clear that a much more drastic system of rationing and a complete reorganization of the storage-and-distribution policy will be needed to carry the country through the next few months, during which the shipping losses may be expected to get worse instead of better. Although the relief and enthusiasm which followed the President's words were immense, no thinking Briton was likely to forget what the Prime Minister had said in his speech welcoming Ambassador Winant at the Pilgrims' luncheon. His remark that the Battle of the Atlantic must be regarded as one of the most momentous ever fought only bore out the grim, general conviction that the sea, not the air, is once again going to be the classic battlefield on which England will settle the question of her survival.

THE German propaganda bureau has already announced that Wednesday's big raid on London officially opened the spring offensive, whose avowed intention is to bring Britain, through starvation, to her knees. The raid was the heaviest of the year and people looked a bit dark under the eyes when they turned up at work next morning. They may well have thought it a little tactless of the Air Ministry to choose that day to jubilantly release the news of a small but heavy attack on Cologne. After such a night, nothing but a large and heavy attack on Berlin would have sounded like what Mr. Churchill calls "delectable tidings." Rather tardily it was pointed out that weather conditions here had been unfavorable for a big take-off, but it was doubtful whether this really consoled homeless Londoners, most of whom would lose their homes all over again for the pleasure of hearing that Berliners had caught just as big a packet of hell as their air force is giving.

It was in a raid ten days back that one of the West End night haunts got it, and those who sat enjoying a quiet, bedtime Scotch on a balcony there had the terrifying experience of seeing the ceiling come down on the dancers below while they themselves were left perched intact on the edge of chaos, their glasses freakishly unspilt in front of them. It was thought that the incident would cramp the style of restaurateurs, who have already had plenty to contend with, but when the big barrage opened on Wednesday evening, all the popular places were as full as ever.

IF Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, has his way, there soon won't be any young things to take dancing anyhow. The call-up of women of twenty and twenty-one, along with men of forty and forty-one, was announced for next month. The next women to register will be twenty-twos and twenty-threes, rather than eighteens and nineteens, because of the latters' "educational commitments." The whole thing has been handled very tenderly; the government has taken into consideration the rooted British antipathy to compulsion of any kind, even in the middle of a life-and-death struggle. There has been a busy press campaign to assure the young women that the yellow complexions munition workers acquired in the last war handling TNT are by no means unavoidable in this one, since science has developed a protective cream which works on all except possessors of ultra-

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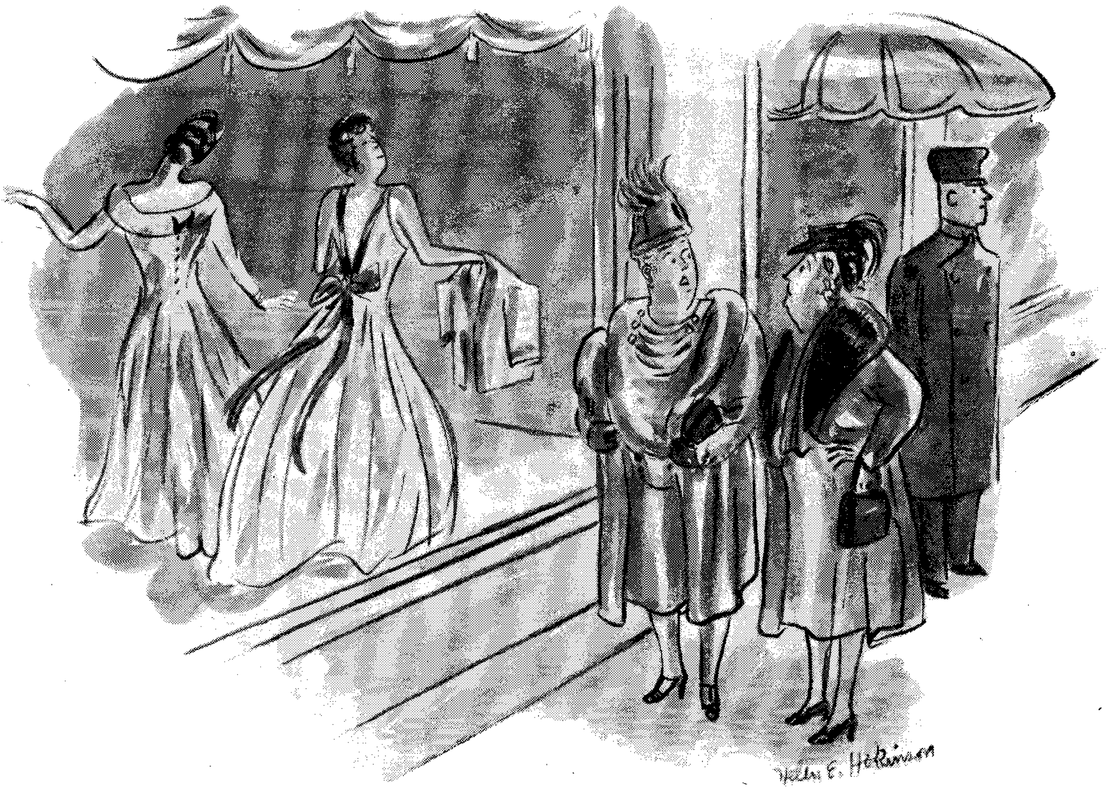
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LEST rumors spread that the function of this department is solely destructive criticism, we'll start this week with a eulogy of certain highlights of the Bergdorf Goodman collection. For one thing, there are several day costumes with a Louis XVI influence that have great elegance. One is a black faille fitted coat with two buttons in the small of the back, below which there's a flippant flare. Another is a suit with a circular navy wool skirt, a silk blouse with polka dots and cinnamon stripes, and a one-button jacket of cinnamon-colored wool, with pockets to give a slight outward and downward effect at the hips. Then there is a cinnamon broadcloth fitted coat with great balloon sleeves, worn over a pansy-patterned cinnamon, black, and white print dress. Cutouts of the pansies are loosely applied here and there toward the hem, so that the pattern appears to be constantly fluttering in a rather bewildering way. There are many new touches in evening coats and jackets, a type of costume which could stand a little novelty. One notion is coats that have flowing, circular skirts and are fitted tight as far as the waist; the mannequins, though, wear them loose over their shoulders and let the sleeves dangle. Sometimes this type of thing comes in a crêpe print with a dress in a twin print lavishly trimmed with organza. Sometimes, as in the case of a navy print with pink flowers, the top of the evening dress and the skirt of the coat may be of plain navy chiffon, and the rest in print. Pastel polo cloth turns up, too. A loose yellow coat of it goes over a plain navy daytime dress with a yellow belt and buttons; a loose pink jacket of it appears over a simple black dinner dress. That simple black dinner dress also may be glorified by a coat of white piqué, fitted to the waist, below which it flares to the knees; tiny black buttons edge the jacket and make a widely spaced polka-dot design on it.

As for the other dinner dresses here, narrow affairs slit to the knee (or even above it) in front are plentiful; a divine example is done in black crêpe with pink maline folded down the sides of the deep-V décolletage in front and pink roses below. The start-of-the-century look is intensified by the recent Bergdorf yen for broad-brimmed mystery-woman hats with dinner dresses. This earlier-times air is enhanced by another piece of whimsy, designed to enliven plain day or evening dresses—an attached scarf of blue maline that curls down from the hat and ties under the chin in a pussycat bow. There is also, among the dinner dresses, a new and notable line that I adore—deep folds of side drapery to the knees, achieving a wide look there and emphasizing the comparative narrowness of the skirt below. A heavenly dress of gray crêpe with a natural pigskin belt has this draping; another, of an amber sheer, also draped, has a wide green suède belt with a band of leopard fur around it, for laughs. Still another early-twentieth-century dress is of black sheer, with a high neck and short sleeves; there is fullness in front, draped toward one side. The harem skirt of long ago is suggested in a dress of a green-blue blurred print that has a harem line at the hem in front. Now, do curvy mahogany furniture and white lace curtains and rose wallpaper look right to you again?

THE clothes at Muriel King's new shop, at 59 East 52nd Street, frankly derive their inspiration from this same quiet age between Admiral Dewey and Kaiser Wilhelm II. A navy-blue serge suit, very Mrs. Philip Lydig, has long lapels, two buttons at the waistline, and a plain skirt. The blouse is white batiste, a dream of fine tucks and a froth of perky, upstart ruffles edged with lace. Navy-blue serge also makes a slim dress with red braid in flat scrolls down one side of the bodice; the coat is fitted, with narrow red braid scrolls used in profusion. Even in a season in which there has been so much gabble about new shoulder lines, La King's are special. Little, flat, childish collars, often narrow in front, contribute to a long, drooping look at the throat. Dolman sleeves or actual kimono ones (deep armholes are bound to make shoulders look lower) are being experimented with around town, though they are terribly difficult to handle without looking sloppy. Miss King's are designed with exceptional grace. (Note: The clothes



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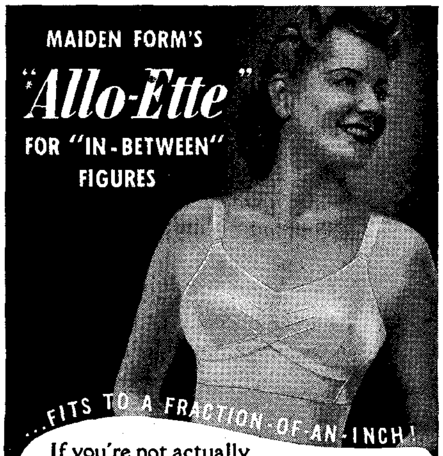
here are original designs in order-to-size gradations; you can substitute set-in sleeves if you do not dare wear the ones I've just been talking about. Many large-bosomed women, for instance, may fear that effect of extra breadth above the waistline.) The shoulders are likely to have no seam at all over the top; the various ways they are worked out show the hand of sheer genius. A fitted red day coat embodies many of King's pet touches—there is that childish collar, the self-covered buttons, the seams curving upward on each side, both front and back, and curling outward just below the padded shoulders, and the sleeves building in toward the waist, dolman fashion. It's perfect. Every dress sports detail that has a complete custom look—twisted bands ending in pleats down the sides of a plain navy wool dress, arabesque piping on the sleeves just below the shoulder on both plain and printed dresses, and the like. Other nostalgia: a black chiffon day-length dress with sleeves caught at the wrist and spilling lace ruffles, tucks to the hips, and a black lace-trimmed slip showing through the bodice and hem; an evening dress with a vast *chou* of net at the foot of the V neckline, a ballet-skirt peplum that is all layers and layers of net, *and* a sequin-spangled American Beauty rose applied smack on one thigh.

The standby evening dresses that King customers have learned to look for season after season are around, too. One is bottle-green bengaline with black braid trimming, applied in scrolls around the severe jacket and sprawled all over the bodice. The eternal demand for the combination of a severe jacket and a naked-topped dress is gratified by a black bengaline affair with crisscrossed bands of nude *soufflé de soie* softly draped below the string shoulder straps; a realistic bunch of dandelions sprouts below one shoulder. The jacket is practically stark, with no trimming except the bias bands that make the yoke. All in all, the collection is exciting, and possibly prophetic. Before I forget, things here run from $95 up, quite up.

THOUGH I do my best to act nonchalant, I never fail to be dumbfounded at the miracles performed by Wanamaker's Mimi Shop in behalf of sizes 9 to 17. Whether you actually are between those ages or are a petite young woman, the suits and coats the place offers you for from $16.95 to $29.95 cannot very well be bettered. This year there are many suits and topcoats in twin fabrics and trimmings. Small silver-metal buttons march down the front of a



If you're not actually *heavy*-bosomed but just a *trifle* larger-than-average — "Allo-Ette" solves your brassiere problem because it gives that necessary bit of extra fullness through the breasts. Adjustable shoulder straps and back-fastening assure "precision fit," to a fraction-of-an-inch — $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

*"Intimo," for average bosoms, emphasizes the "dividing line" — $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 up; shown with *"Curtsy" pantie girdle No. 1526 (regular girdle 1506)—$2.00. Send for *free* Style Booklet N: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York

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suit jacket or a fitted twill reefer adorned with a square piqué collar edged with a piqué frill. Another jacket is double-breasted, with a round, childish, saddle-stitched piqué collar. You can get boxy topcoats and suits with mannish pockets and box-pleated skirts, in either men's Glenurquhart wools or pin-striped gray flannels. Among the dressmaker suits, you can do equally well for yourself. A navy-blue rayon-crêpe suit has a red-and-white-striped rayon-jersey sailor collar and a short-sleeved cardigan; blue-and-white-striped shirt material makes the collar of a sheer wool dress and the cuffs of the bolero worn over it. Another sheer wool has a plaid seersucker yoke to match the lining of the jacket. The average price among this group is around $25. There are dresses, too. One beauty is a black crêpe princesse affair with a white eyelet frill around the neck, beaded with black grosgrain ribbon; I can just see it, accompanied by a big black hat, at lunch or dinner in summer at the very best places. . . . For lovely evening clothes, ranging from around $25 to $40, Chez Rosette, at 10 East 56th Street, can match anyone on earth. There are temptations like a slim black Chantilly-type lace dress, full below the knees, with starched white lace forming wide shoulder straps and outlining a square décolletage. If your mood is apt to be dreamy, try a lemon organza with a high, round neck and the long bodice that Chez Rosette favors. Both the dress and its bishop sleeves are banded with matching lemon lace. There are lots of good prints here. First, pink roses and green leaves on a black or white ground, with a low décolletage covered, if you like, by a bolero with long, tight sleeves. Or a dress in white jersey sprinkled with tiny rosebuds, with the high back and deep-V front that you'll see all over the town, and harem drapery and short sleeves as well. Or something made of huge white daisies on a black ground. Don't forget the hats, either. They start in at $6.50, and include dashing suit hats with wings at the sides, wonderful gay floral plaques with loads and loads of veiling (the nasturtium one is particular fun), pompadour caps to be trimmed with floral hatpins at the side—oh, just about everything. —L. L.

•

Expecting foreign relations?
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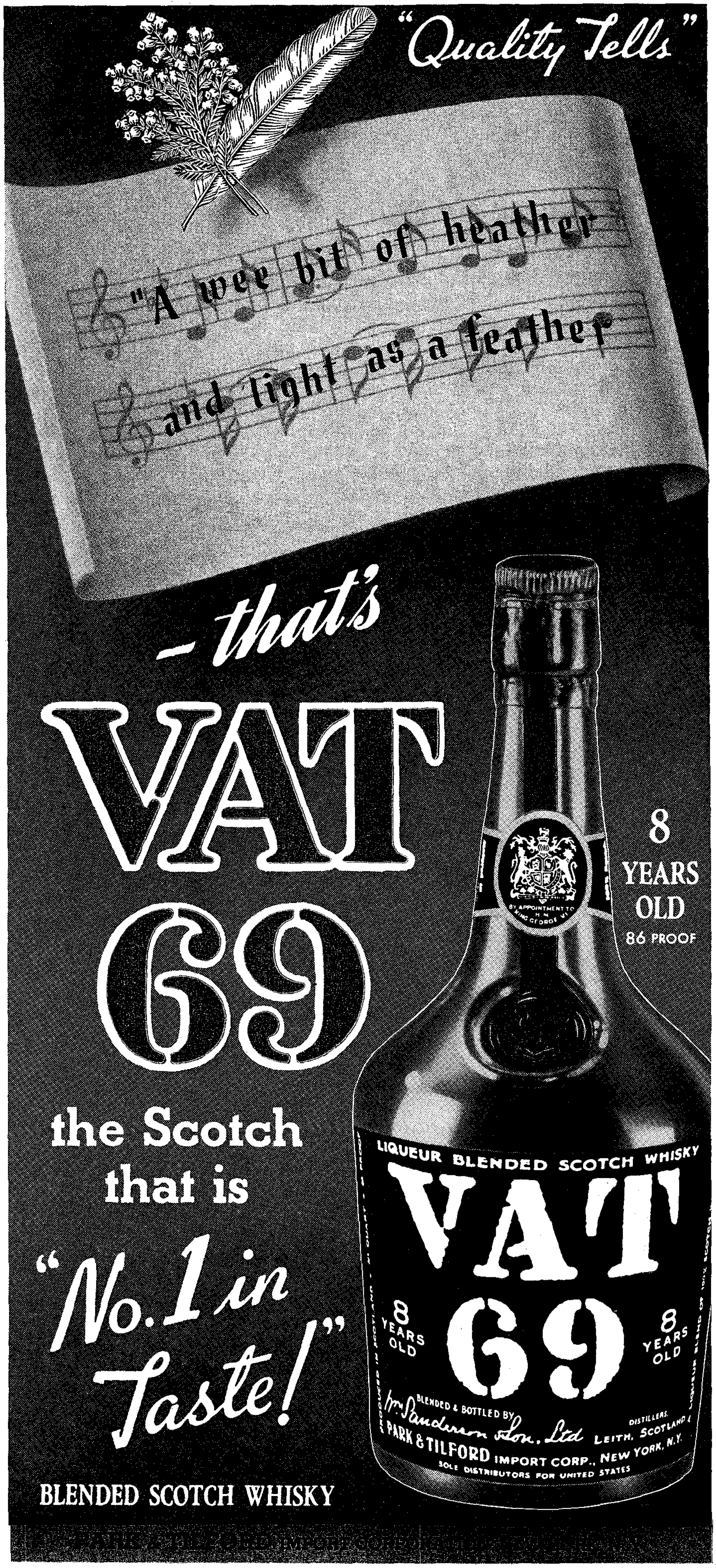
$47.50
—*From an adv. in the Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

No, just domestic, thank you.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OF ALL THINGS

THE Balkan situation is so badly muddled that the Greeks must be prepared for anything. The Nazis may promise not to come through Yugoslavia and then cross everybody up by not doing so.

•

The Turks are given to understand that Russia would feel all right if they resisted a German attack. The Soviets might even help by waging a violent whispering campaign.

•

According to Hitler's old pal, Hermann Rauschning, the Führer's military position is not fundamentally sound. His large and powerful army has to be scattered all over Europe to keep the customers happy.

•

Headlines give one the impression that Congress is voting away money at the rate of a billion dollars an hour. We have now reached the point where the word "million" looks like a typographical error.

•

The Navy Department has warned the help not to talk carelessly over the telephone. Valuable secrets might leak out and eventually reach the ears of senators.

•

It is good news that the London authorities have greatly improved the accommodations in the subway air-raid shelters. The heroic civilians were entitled to a better 'ole.

•

The National Resources Planning Board is preparing a public-works program to use when the defence drive is over. They want us to worry about the post-boom slump before we have really begun to enjoy the post-slump boom.

•

A large local boy, Abe Simon, has achieved fame by standing in front of Joe Lewis for over twelve rounds. Admirers predict a bright future for the Queens Bombee.

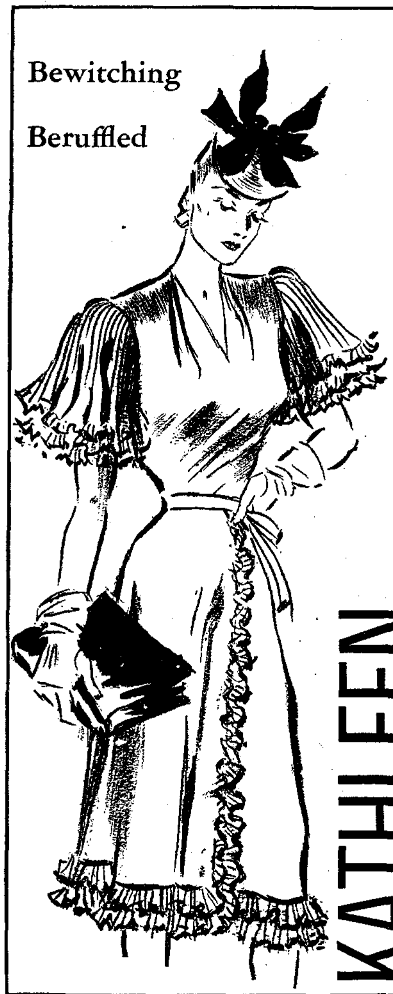
•

That all-feminine debate in the House of Commons was not too encouraging. It left one with a gloomy feeling that the ladies would not know how to run the world either.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Bewitching

Beruffled



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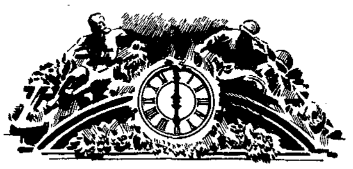

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THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

MUSICAL EVENTS

What Was New at the Met

WHEN the Metropolitan Opera Association was asking people for a million dollars last season, somebody, they say, handed a collector a dollar and remarked, "Here's your money. Now let's see what you do with it!" Well, what the Metropolitan did with the fellow's dollar was to buy the opera house, clean up the building, knock out a tier of boxes and replace them with chairs, install a new gold curtain, and renovate the repertory and personnel. We'll now do a little Monday-morning quarterbacking on the new material in repertory and personnel.

The season opened with Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," which had not been seen under Metropolitan auspices for almost a quarter of a century. The production earned a good rating more for its teamwork than for any remarkable performances, but for all of the earnest effort that went into it, "Un Ballo in Maschera" isn't likely to take the place of the horse, which in opera would be "Aïda." Two Donizetti comedies returned: "La Fille du Régiment" and "Don Pasquale," both of which demonstrated the gifts of the super-buffo, Salvatore Baccaloni. "La Fille," thanks chiefly to Miss Lily Pons and Mr. Baccaloni, was, as operatic comedy goes, good entertainment. "Don Pasquale," a better story with better music, was a personal triumph for Mr. Baccaloni and Miss Bidu Sayao. Both revivals would have been even more successful if the comedy had been less operatic. "The Bartered Bride," sung in English by a cast containing too many people who owned and operated dialects, was musically attractive. There was an attempt to play it as a simple folk opera, but operatic fun showed up, and something happened to the unity of impression that the textbooks used to tell us was the big idea.

Gluck's "Alceste," a complete newcomer to the Metropolitan repertory, was well organized musically, although some of the principals didn't sound too happy in this score. The opera has great value as a historic document and not many obvious potentialities as a drawing card, so the Metropolitan wins special merit for making it available.

"Fidelio" and "Don Giovanni" were

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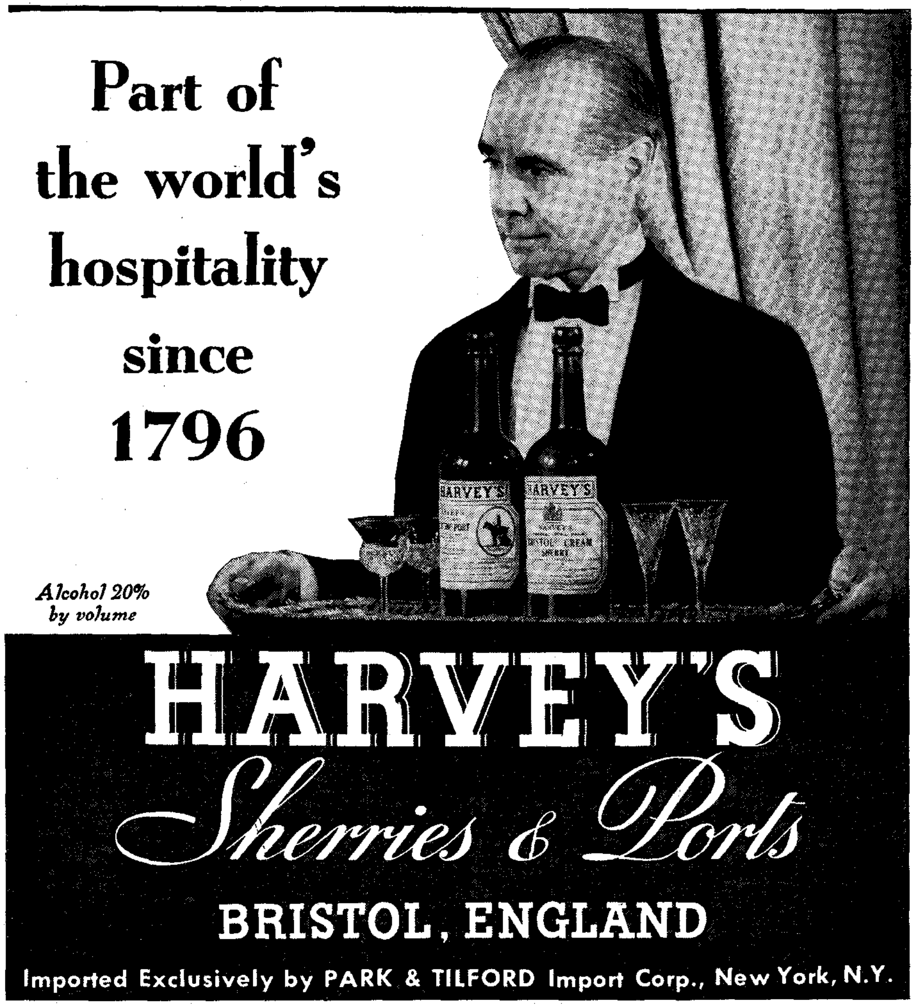

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important as restorations to the roster and also for the appearance of Bruno Walter as their conductor. Dream casts evidently weren't at hand for either opera, but Mr. Walter made sense of everything, and the sound almost took care of itself. It isn't necessary to reaffirm the greatness of Mr. Walter as an opera maestro.

The revival of "Samson et Dalila" wasn't an epoch in epics. The restaged, recostumed, and resceneried "Il Trovatore" was encouraging as an effort to cut loose from the old method of doing the opera, which consisted chiefly of the straight line plunge to downstage, centre, for the delivery of high notes.

MR. WALTER and Italo Montemezzi, composer of "L'Amore dei Tre Re," who conducted his own opera superbly, were the only pre-announced additions to the baton battery, but two other directors were on view before the season ended: Ferruccio Calusio and Edwin McArthur. Mr. Calusio led "Il Trovatore" with great vivacity, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" without much of it. Mr. McArthur delivered a sure-handed "Tristan und Isolde."

Of the new singers, Mr. Baccaloni made the greatest dent on the public. He is a magnificent comedian with a good voice, and one may forget his few essays into traditional clowning, hoping that he will henceforth do the same. Alexander Sved, after an overtense start, sang well, and Francesco Valentino, a New Yorker, proved helpful in a variety of baritone rôles. Miss Eleanor Steber had one of the season's best débuts as Sophie in "Der Rosenkavalier," and several other new young singers—including Emery Darcy, John Dudley, and Arthur Kent—took over their duties with competence and fresh voices.

When that fellow who gave the dollar checks up on highlights and clinkers of the Metropolitan Opera Association's first season as its own landlord, he shouldn't neglect on the credit side the improved casting of secondary rôles and the better all-round balancing of casts. He might also collect for his dollar all the false noses that remained on exhibition for comic purposes. He could pass them on to the boys who think it's pretty darned funny to put on women's hats. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

PHILIPPINES MAY TURN TO RUBBER
—*Headline in the Monterey* (*Calif.*) *Peninsula Herald.*

Oh, damn!

Barry took off his coat and, holding it over his arm, walked into the living room and went to the rosewood desk, where she was sitting. Elise smoothed the letter.

"You see that—a loop there above where he cut it out, and then another, close? Then there's the top of a 't.' That's the word 'without.' Look. 'We are without food'—see the top of the 'f' there?—'and clothing.' See the top of the 'l' and 'th'? Barry! They're starving in England!"

He went back into the hall and hung up his coat.

"Well," she said, when he came back.

"Well what?"

"Isn't that amazing news?"

"Look, Elise," he said, "you can't tell from loops and tops of 't's what—"

"But you can! It's elimination. Just try to find another word with two letters, a 'th,' two more letters, and then a 't.' That's 'without' as sure as I'm—"

"All right, all right. But that doesn't mean they're starving. It might just as well say, 'We're without any worry about food here because we have huge stores.' "

"Don't be silly," she said. "If she'd said that, it'd never have been censored."

He sighed. "Yes," he said. "Isn't it time for Fred Waring?"

It was at the Eckhardts', a few evenings later, that Barry felt the hair creeping on the back of his neck. He stood in the living-room doorway with Carl, holding the drinks they had made in the kitchen. Everyone in the room was silent, listening to Elise. Her voice was racing ahead smoothly.

"I can't tell you the source of my information, of course," she was saying. "You can understand why. But I have it direct from England—by certain methods. And it's much graver than we are allowed to know. The bombings have wiped out most of the towns in the north, and there's a grave shortage of food. Not only that, there's danger of revolt among the people. Of course, they're doing their best to keep the revolt down, and they're keeping all news of it from spreading to this country. It's terrible. Whole towns wiped out—whole towns! The manufacturing areas and the Midlands, where Barry and I travelled on our trip three years ago, are devastated. I mean *devastated*. And they're trying to keep it quiet."

Barry strode into the room and held out a drink. "Elise!" he said.

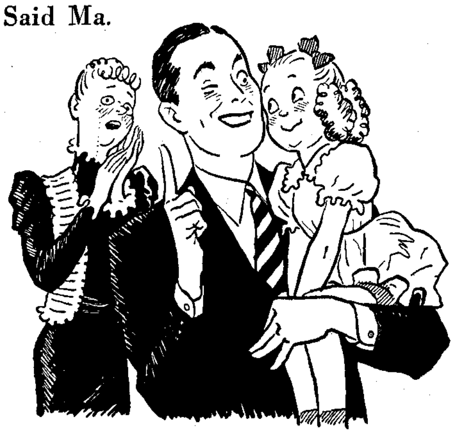
He expected her to blush when she

Whenever he felt the urge
Sidney would splurge
On shirts—
So rashly that they seldom,
if ever, looked the nerts.
They drooped o'er his torso
Like a sack, only more so;
Their collars were, in a word,
Absurd.

So when Marge brought him home to
the folks for their final say-so,
She knew his chances weren't worth a
plugged peso
Unless she got an Arrow Shirt on Sid,
Which she did.

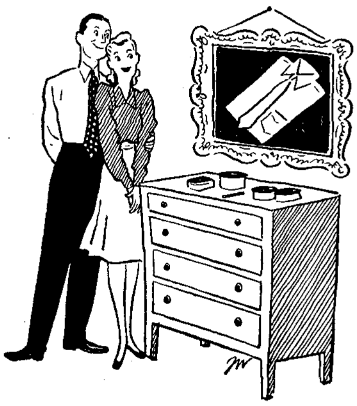
"Not bad,"
Thought Marge's Dad.
"His shirt is one of the year's
masterpieces—
The lad is obviously rich as
Croesus."

"Ah!"
Said Ma.



And Marge's maiden aunt sighed,
"What fit! How it becomes him!
What a pity
I'm not twenty-one and pretty!"

Today Sid and Marge are married—
to guess which you don't have
to be much of a guesser.
And above their dresser
Hangs not a portrait of rich Uncle Otto,
Or a diploma, or a motto,
But that first Arrow Shirt Marge gave
Sidney!
(He looked swell in it, didney?)



Sid buys *only* Arrow Shirts these days
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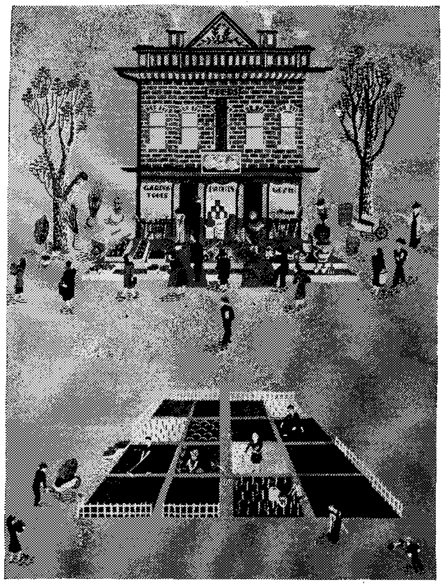

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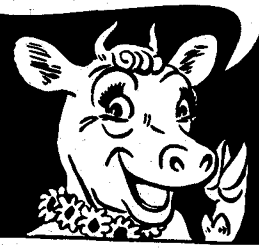

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looked up. Instead, she shook her head abruptly, as if annoyed.

THEY did not speak as they drove home. Once inside, she started upstairs.

"Wait a minute, Elise," he said.

"Now, I'm tired, Barry."

"I'm tired, too," he said angrily. "I'm tired of your lying."

"If you're just going to be insulting—"

He laughed quickly. "No," he said. "I didn't mean it that way. But you've no right to say things such as you did tonight—about England being in ruins and people revolting. Where do you get that?"

"Well, there must be something wrong or they'd never censor the letter of a child who—"

"But it didn't say that."

"How do you know it didn't?"

"Well, we don't know that it did, and we don't know that it didn't. I didn't want to contradict you in front of everyone, but really, Elise, you're—"

"Barry, I'm tired," she said.

She said it in the voice of a puzzled child. He knew it well.

"O.K.," he said. "O.K. Let's forget it."

THE following Tuesday at dinner, Barry ate silently.

"I thought you liked prune whip," Elise said brightly. "I had it just for you."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Yes. I do."

He picked up his spoon, but then halted with it in the air. "Elise," he said, "what in the name of God have you been telling Mrs. Kent?"

"Oh, so that's what you've been saving up," she said. "Well, what *have* I been telling her?"

"What? Well, Kent on the train tonight was asking me about the two invasions of England that've been made already and hushed up. I said I didn't know and then he said you'd told his wife you had a letter from England about it and—"

"Oh, if you're going to listen to gossip," she said.

"Gossip!" he said. He opened his mouth to speak again, but then bent his head and ran his fingers through his hair. When he looked up, Elise was eating calmly, almost triumphantly.

"Look here, Elise," he said slowly. "You've got British relatives. I'm British stock myself. You don't—you don't hate the British, do you?"

"It isn't a matter of hate in a time

TRILOGY

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OVERNIGHT From New York via Seaboard R.R.

WAR NEWS—SECRET

IT was, as Elise said, censored. Near the top of the letter was a gap, clipped out with exceeding neatness.

Barry took the letter. He turned it over. "Well, whoever he was, he was nice about it," he said.

"How do you mean, nice about it?" Elise said crisply. "What's nice about snipping up a letter from a child of ten?"

"I mean the way he's done it. See, he's cut all sorts of patterns so's he wouldn't disturb what she says on the other side. And she's about thirteen now, isn't she? She was a cute kid."

In his mind's eye, Barry saw the child again—the daughter of Elise's second cousin. Elise had wanted to look up her relatives when she and Barry had been in England three years ago. Most of them were pretty disappointing, but Daphne—she'd been a nice kid. Not like the children you read about in stories of England. Not pigtailed and demure and impossibly polite. Just a wide-awake, lively child—brain hitting on all six.

"Huh?" he said.

"I said I hate censorship of all kinds."

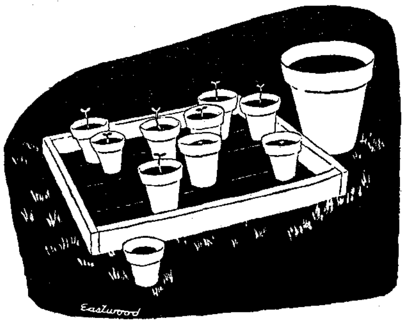
"Yeah," he said. "It's bad stuff, but they've got a hell of a war on their hands, and I suppose they have to stop any leaks of information. We did the same in the last war, I remember." He looked at his watch, made a spasmodic movement with his cup, and pushed back his chair. "Seven minutes of," he said. "Whyn't you tell me?" He went down the hall struggling into his coat and ran for the eight-two.

AT dinner that evening, Elise was unusually silent. Her motions were short and sharp, as they were when she was angry. Barry began to wonder what he'd forgotten—an errand, something at Macy's, an anniversary, something . . .

"I don't see why they don't blot things out in ink," she said suddenly.

"What on—oh, the letter. Well, he didn't hurt it. He clipped so that you could read the other side."

"Not the other side. *The* side. If they blacked it out, you might have some



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chance of being able to figure out what was underneath."

"But that's just what they don't *want*," he pointed out. "They *don't* want you to read it. What would be the use of censoring a thing if—"

"The whole thing's absurd," Elise snapped.

"That's right," Barry said.

They had been married seven years.

THAT night, Barry turned over in his first drowsiness. "Aren't you ever going to turn that light off?" he said.

He said that every night.

She reached over and snapped off the light. She lay perfectly still.

"Barry," she said.

"Yeah?"

"I wonder what the child was trying to tell us?"

"Now, how in the name of—"

"You needn't be nasty about it. I was only wondering."

"Well, that's something nobody's ever going to know until the whole mess is over."

"No, we can reason it out. Now, what could she be wanting to tell us? Obviously something that they haven't let out."

"Oh, no. Probably she said something about the village having an air raid. Now—"

"No, that couldn't be it. Because she says right afterward that London is being bombed, and they let that through."

"Well, we know London is being bombed. Everyone knows that. They admit it. No one conceals it. It wouldn't do any good to—"

"But that's it. If they let through news of bombing, this is something much worse than bombing. Some important military secret."

"Oh, for God's sake, Elise," he said. "Be your age. Now, what important military knowledge could a child of thirteen have?"

"Then what did they want to censor her letter for? They wouldn't censor a child's letter unless it said something—something that they don't want us to know. Do you think it's food shortage?"

He made an incoherent noise to show he was falling asleep. He was awake, too wide-awake, but he knew pretending to be asleep was the only way to end it.

THE next evening, Elise was happy. "I think I've got it," she called to Barry as she heard him come into the front hall. "Now, look here!"

like this," she said. "It's a matter of truth."

"Truth! Are you crazy? Look, go right back to the beginning. It all boils down to this. All you have is a letter from a child with a few words clipped out by a censor. And on the strength of that one thing you make up a pyramid of lies about bombings and starvation and civil revolt, and now invasions."

"Well," she said sulkily, "if they want to go round snipping up the letter of a perfectly innocent child writing a relative in a neutral nation, then it's their own fault."

"Good God!" he said. He sat a moment, his hands in his lap. Then he pushed back his chair and rose.

She called as he went to the door. "Don't be silly, Barry," she said. "Let's not quarrel like children. Come eat your dessert."

"No," he said. "No. I've—I've got to write a letter."

"A letter? To whom?"

He saw her face—familiar, prettily disengaging, doll-eyed—and he shook his head almost in admiration. Then he searched for relief in sarcasm.

"Oh, no one," he said. "No one particular. Just a little note to Winston Churchill. I'm going to tell him if he doesn't want all American confidence in Britain undermined, torpedoed, bombed, sunk, to cut out censoring American mail!" He found his voice rising with vehemence and heavy sarcasm. "Of course, several dozen odd bits of really important military information will leak through, but nothing that can cause half the harm of one woman whose curiosity has been tortured and thwarted by one small, clipped space! That's what I'm going to do!"

As he turned away, he heard her voice, its tone warm and approving.

"That's a good idea," she said. "It'll just serve him right." —ERIC KNIGHT

•

MACARONIC LYRIC

Les arbres gefroren
Cum neige, comme floren;
Le cuccu chantait
Et chaleur vantait;
Integer granum
Son daily panem.

The trees are frozen
With snow, like flowers;
The cuckoo sings
And boasts of warmth;
I throw him daily
Some whole-wheat bread.

—R. L.

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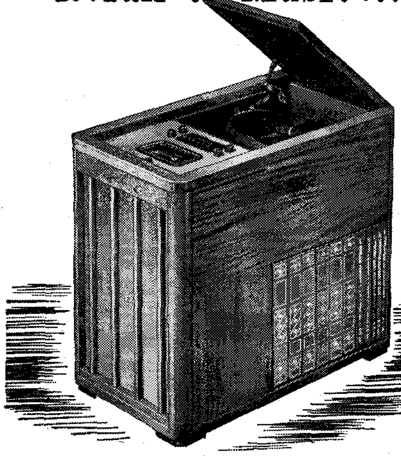

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sea and Sky

MATINEE 2 SHOWS
COMEDY SHORTS

EVEN the presence of a talky literary figure who discusses his plots doesn't clog the violence and speed of "The Sea Wolf." Popular interest in the refined type who makes ten thousand a year out of a worthy serial or two for the weeklies and an occasional scholarly article for the monthlies may have waned since Jack London wrote his novel. That the cultivated gentleman of letters has been made a lay figure in this new film version of the book and his talkiness employed merely to prompt Wolf to eloquent outbursts won't disturb spectators, nor, I imagine, will his drowning at the end break the hearts even of the Book of the Month Club.

Our major interest has been swung away from him to the other and quite uncreative specimens aboard ship. Edward G. Robinson builds out of Wolf a kind of Hitlerian egomaniac who reads Milton ("Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven"), beats up the cook, has blind spells, and gets a hearty chuckle out of murder. Though his colloquies with the author whom he has had the misfortune to pick up on his ship befuddled me sometimes, I found his actual behavior surprising and effective. Poor Ida Lupino is the lady of the piece, an escaped convict, much of the time drenched with salt water but still able to sustain a romance arranged for her by a readjustment of the original plot. A part has been contrived for John Garfield as a member of the crew, also a fugitive from the cops and the logical mate for the lady, and after a flurried courtship, precipitated by a blood transfusion, the two are seen at last steering a dory toward a happy Pacific isle. The scene of the transfusion, which saves the girl's life—it being mere luck, or destiny itself, perhaps, that the boy's blood is of the right type—brings the ship's doctor straight to the front of our attention, and we see in the characterization a very neat bit of acting on the part of Gene Lockhart. It is a mere bit, but it is outstanding. Mr. Lockhart introduces a finesse to a film which is hewed out in broad lines, after all, and I find it welcome. Altogether, unpretentious though the whole production is, I am inclined to think it is the

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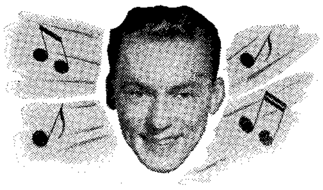

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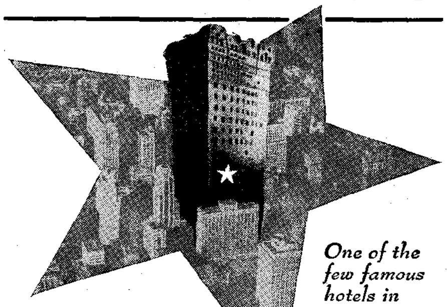

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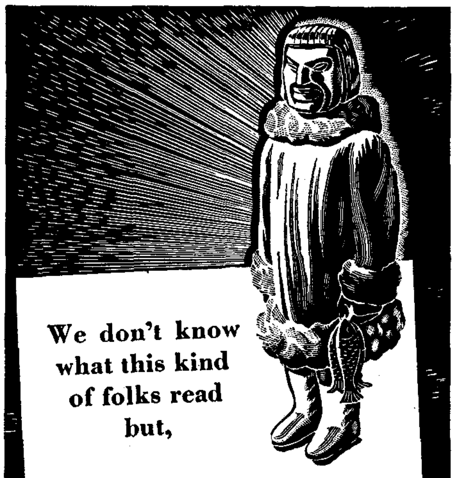

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best picture of the brutality of life at sea since "Mutiny on the Bounty."

FLYING maneuvers of our Air Corps, life at Kelly Field, Texas, a practice blackout in Los Angeles, and such general military manifestations as are current now are supposed to have inspired "I Wanted Wings." I myself don't believe it a moment. I think the idea that started off the project was a simple one—somehow or other to work a blonde into a bomber. For this ambitious goal considerable time is required, well over two hours, but at last we have the climax, and there is our little lady (a certain Veronica Lake) crouching in the cupboard, or whatever it is, where they keep the experimental flares. She dies of the trip, and the good heroine, who has kept her feet on the ground, ends up a flier's wife. A group of youthful actors—Ray Milland, Wayne Morris, and so forth—take over Kelly Field and their personal problems somewhat dominate defence tactics.

"MAN MADE MONSTER," about a man so dosed with electricity that he gleams like a neon sign, and "The Monster and the Girl," about an ape with the brains of a man, don't, of course, alleviate the sombre trend of the pictures this week. Both are just trick side dishes, the electrical display making the first the more novel. . . . Even the one comedy of the week, "Topper Returns," another of that vaporish series, strives less for laughs than it does for the mystery killings, sliding panels, hands in the dark, trapdoors, and so on of the orthodox thriller. One young woman (Joan Blondell) is stabbed in the night and reappears at times, in the Topper tradition, as a facetious phantom. —JOHN MOSHER

•

Curiously enough, the word "boycott" comes from the name of a man.—*Ellsworth (Me.) American.*

Well, he was a boy once, wasn't he?

•

PSHAW DEPARTMENT

[*From The New Yorker*]

Two aristocrats of a very different texture, laying stress on the virtues of the intellect rather than merely those of honorable conduct, were the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and the great English lawyer and legal scholar Sir Frederick Pollock. For fifty-eight years these men corresponded, and their letters, edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe, have now been put into two stout volumes "The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Hughes and Sir Frederick Pollock" . . .

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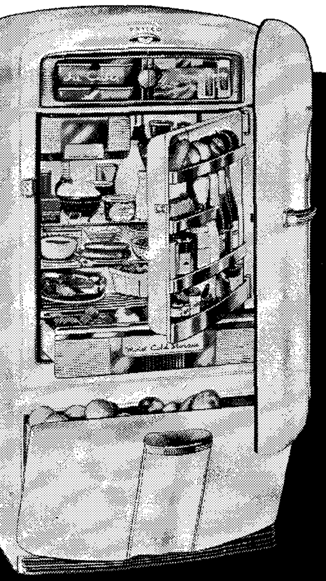

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BOOKS

Elizabeth Madox Roberts—Ellen Glasgow—An Icelandic Parable

Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "Not by Strange Gods" is her last book, and it appears shortly after the sad announcement of her all-too-early death. Hers was a beautiful, broken talent. In "The Time of Man" it was major; even in "The Great Meadow" it showed evidence of continued power. Then something seemed to happen. Wittingly or unwittingly, Miss Roberts began to draw a veil between herself and the coarse-grained world we know. More and more inaccessible became her private universe, even to her greatest admirers.

That inaccessibility is tragically marked in this collection of six short stories. At least two of them are baffling almost to the point of incomprehensibility. The four others, while clearer, seem to flow away from you as you read them; you are not drawn powerfully into them as you were into the very heart of "The Time of Man."

Part of Miss Roberts' great reputation was based on her sense of place, on her feeling for the intangible bonds that connect her Kentucky characters with their soil. That sense of place has in this book become curiously distorted. It is hard to recognize her farmers and sharecroppers and country boys as real people. At times they talk like characters in a ballad. At other times they seem to be figures in a fantasy. Then, every so often, there will come a solid, earthy phrase or gesture that plants them again for a moment in a definite American milieu.

However mystifying her later work, it was always original and sensitive. It will not, I think, be widely read years from now, but "The Time of Man" cannot help surviving. It arose out of a spring of lucid emotion that was never tapped again. It remains not merely the finest first novel produced by any American in our time but a fine novel in its own right.

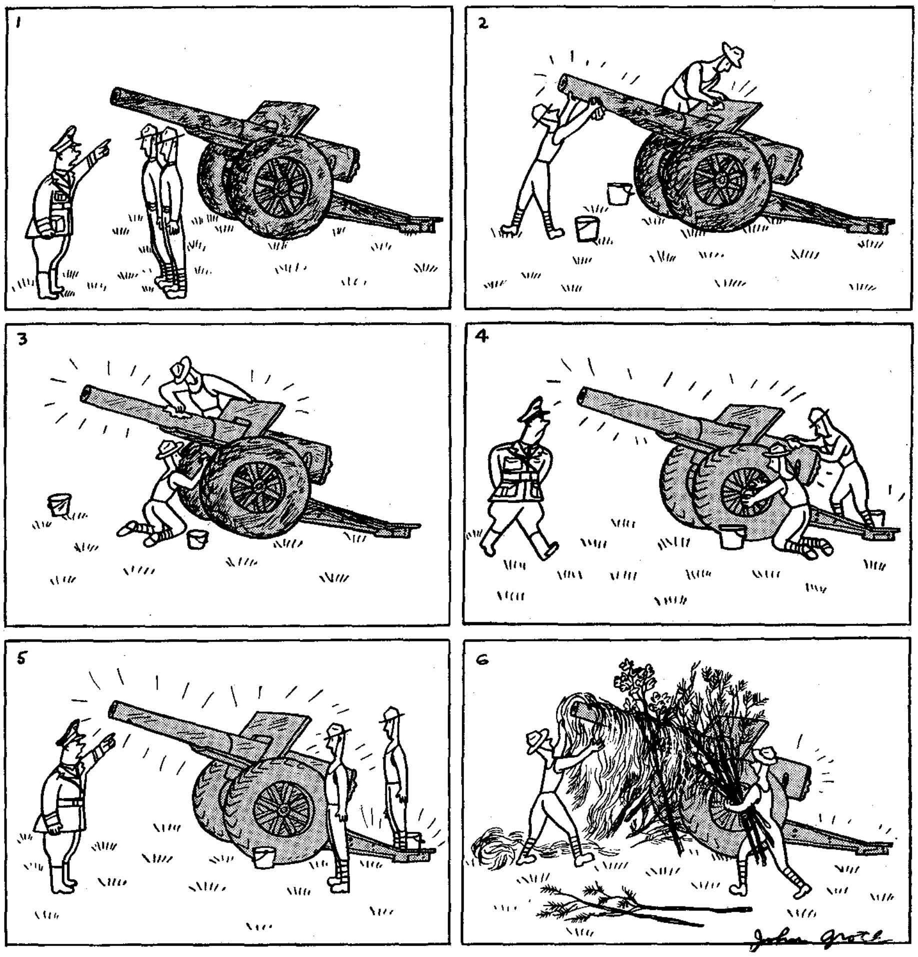
Ellen Glasgow's new work has all the moral stamina of her other books but little of their mitigating wit. There is an unexpected note of despondency in this long chronicle of defeat and disintegration in the South. The constant flashes of irony that made "The Sheltered Life" so delightful, without impairing its truth, are notably absent from "In This Our Life." Miss Glasgow is never bitter, but she does not seem overhopeful, either. The effect of the book is an indictment of a segment of American life, not an indignant indictment but a brooding, compassionate one.

The centre of the rather loosely constructed story is Asa Timberlake, a failure at fifty-nine, a slave to his hypochondriac wife, resentfully dependent on his wife's rich uncle, William Fitzroy. There are two daughters, irritatingly named Roy and Stanley. Roy inherits her father's innate decency and adds to it a harsher spirit of independence; Stanley is the regulation Southern belle, childish, selfish, and pretty nauseating, if you ask me.

The family gets involved in a series of crises. Stanley steals Roy's husband; Roy falls half in love with Stanley's old fiancé; there's a suicide and a serious automobile accident. Under the impact of all this, the family, with the exception of stoic Asa, goes to pieces, and at the end we are confronted by a half-dozen lives that, if not ruined, are sadly overcast by the shadow of defeat.

Only Asa, Miss Glasgow's mouthpiece, though he is a failure as breadwinner and husband, has the stoutness to meet the family crises with honesty and courage. Miss Glasgow wishes us to understand that his innate superiority comes from his quiet possession of an older tradition, a tradition the younger generation and even those of his own generation have abandoned. I think Miss Glasgow generalizes too sweepingly when she makes Asa reflect, "Life had defeated them. Oh, well, but after all, was it life? Or was this sense of puzzled failure nothing more than the despondent mood of an age that is finished?" I think, too, that she's rather hard on the young folks (with whom her hand is less sure; she seems to describe them from hearsay) when Asa says of one of them, "Like all the rest of us, like our world, our time, our code of living, he has no direction; he is incapable of any permanent motive."

I believe Miss Glasgow's case against "our world, our time, our code of living" is poorly argued. One must look elsewhere for the book's values: at her careful characterization of Asa, with his small, pitiful dream of freedom and his unheroic integrity; at her ruthless picture of modern marriage, for which apparently she has little admiration; at the satirical portrait of Lavinia, Asa's wife. Roy, too, a girl destroyed by her



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over-evaluation of love, will rank among Miss Glasgow's major creations.

The book is too long and rambling and suffers a sharp drop in intensity toward the end. It is needless to add that it is beautifully written, though more gravely, more heavily, than is Miss Glasgow's wont.

GUNNAR GUNNARSSON—he must comprise in himself a considerable part of Iceland's literati—writes like few literary chaps you're apt to think of, unless it be the early Knut Hamsun. His tales have a flavor, exceedingly simple and devout, of the medieval *conte*. It seems most unfitting for "The Good Shepherd" to be printed in Bridgeport, published in Indianapolis, and reviewed in New York City. Some pious monk should have inscribed it laboriously on parchment, with illuminations.

It tells the brief tale—call it a legend—of an Icelandic shepherd, Benedikt, who has lost some of his sheep and knows where to find them. With his ingratiating dog, Leo, and his bellwether, Gnarly ("a polite beast aside from his peculiarities"), he sets forth into the bitter cold and after a few adventures recovers most of the strayed flock. For Benedikt, however, his journey, beginning on Advent Sunday, is a pilgrimage, a gesture of service. Before you know it, "The Good Shepherd" has turned into a quiet religious parable.

It is hard to realize that Gunnarsson's stained-glass-window Iceland was recently machine-gunned by Nazi airmen, or that English soldiery occupy part of the southern coast of this dim Ultima Thule. Were ever past and present so strangely met? —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?, by Budd Schulberg. Mr. Schulberg's study of a heel in Hollywood has less bite than Mr. Jerome Weidman's study of a heel on Seventh Avenue, in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." (Comparison between them is inevitable.) Mr. Weidman wisely let his story reveal its own moral; he did not try to explain his Harry Bogen. Mr. Schulberg indicates that Sammy Glick is egotistical, cruel, and grasping because of his unhappy childhood. Nevertheless, this is a clever and pointed picture of a man who wanted money and power and got them at the expense of his friends, but it is at the same time a rather terrifying though often diverting description of dog-eat-

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dog life on the motion-picture lots in Hollywood.

Down the Road a Piece, by Margaret Flint. A mild and pleasant novel about Maine farmers. The country background is genuine, the people are characteristically tough-minded, sharp, and independent. They get married, raise children, try to make a living, and die, all with an unpretentious dignity that is rather appealing.

Call the New World, by John Jennings. The story of a noble young American officer unjustly court-martialled during the War of 1812. Denied his rightful place in his own country, he leaves his girl, enlists under Simon Bolivar, takes an important part in the South American struggle for independence from Spain, and ends up with the Monroe Doctrine in one hand and his old girl in the other. Read it now or see it later in the movies.

City of Illusion, by Vardis Fisher. Unconvincing novel about the Comstock Lode, and a sad letdown from his "Children of God." The ambitious Eilley Cowan and her nondescript husband, Sandy Bowers, who made a fortune from the mine, are legends in the West. Mr. Fisher neither makes them real nor leaves them legendary. Instead, he converts them into what appears to be another consignment of screen characters.

GENERAL

War by Revolution, by Francis Williams. A former editor of the London *Daily Herald* makes a critical reaffirmation of the principles of democracy and suggests that, to win, Britain must organize a democratic revolutionary movement in the occupied countries. This could be done, he says, by establishing a corps of underground agents armed with a British pledge of food, economic security, and a free federated Europe after the war. Hard-hitting and sharply argued. An excerpt has been published in *Life*.

Man Stands Alone, by Julian S. Huxley. Fifteen essays by the noted English biologist, including a charming study of animal courtship, a discussion of the future of the social sciences, a personal credo, and a plea for scientific humanism. Man, says the author, is the only species capable of "further substantial evolutionary development." Persuasive and important. The essays have appeared in various magazines.

Magic in a Bottle, by Milton Silverman. Some of the great detective

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stories of science. How quinine, cocaine, arsphenamine, aspirin, the vitamins, the hormones, sulfanilamide, and a few other similar products were discovered and put to use, told in terms of the men who worked with them. Swift reading, done in the rather highly colored style of de Kruif's "Men Against Death."

WHERE ANGELS DARED TO TREAD, by V. F. Calverton. Social history of more or less Utopian colonies in the United States, especially such Christian communist settlements as those of the Rappites, the Shakers, the Mormons, and Father Divine, and such essentially economic experiments as Brook Farm, Fruitlands, and the Oneida Community. A fascinating and significant tale, well documented and vigorously written.

TOWARD A PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY, by José Ortega y Gasset, translated by Helene Weyl, William C. Atkinson, and Eleanor Clark. The author of "The Revolt of the Masses" examines "the sportive origin" of the state, European unity and diversity, the human meaning of technology (a remarkable essay), history as belief, and the present-day culture of Argentina. Seems rather weak in its scientific aspects. Plenty of odd insights and amusing digressions, but lots of chancy generalizations too.

SCATTERING BRANCHES: TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF W. B. YEATS, edited by Stephen Gwynn. Essays on various sides of Yeats' character by distinguished friends and co-workers in the theatre: Edmund Dulac, Maud Gonne, Lennox Robinson, and others. The most revealing comment, biographical and critical, is by L. A. G. Strong.

MILTON AND HIS MODERN CRITICS, by Logan Pearsall Smith. An extremely sharp counterattack, defending Milton's reputation from modern detractors, particularly Pound and Eliot. Interestingly full of nineteenth-century taste.

VERSE

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE, by Arthur Waley. A one-volume edition of two volumes first published in 1919. Mr. Waley, continuing his Chinese studies, brings together poetry from the third century B.C. through the seventeenth century of modern times. Large format, with color plates and line drawings by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Walter de la Mare. Six early books in one, making

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available some which have been out of print. "Peacock Pie," not being for adult readers, is omitted, and it is missed. Well indexed, and has a hitherto unpublished photograph of the poet.

Open House, by Theodore Roethke. The first book of a young poet with a real sense of lyric style, a fine, bitter wit, and a feeling for the small and medium-sized as well as for the large doings in the world about him. Several of these poems have been published by *The New Yorker*.

And What's More, by David McCord. More, yes, more rhymes and rhythms, and odd and droll ones at that, from this expert. Surprising specialties, a number of them from this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Some Must Watch, by Ethel Lina White. Miss White, who wrote "The Wheel Spins," which Alfred Hitchcock did over as "The Lady Vanishes," brings forth another of her superior thrillers. The plot is simple: a homicidal maniac loose in the English countryside, and a house full of people who have barricaded it to keep him out. This time there is no international intrigue, just extraordinary horror.

This Way Out, by James Ronald. A little middle-class English clerk murders his wife and then goes through a period of alternating terror and happiness. Well thought out, and beautifully written.

•

Have you followed the picture so far—noted how the chain of events swings clean around the world from the German military position on the Channel, the German diplomatic position in the Balkans, Gen. Wavell's three choices of action in the eastern Mediterranean, the choice the most active of the British fleets must make whether to stay based on Alexandria or steam halfway around the world to meet the Japanese in the Far East, the Japanese fleet coming down the coast toward Singapore with still neutral American warships somewhere just over the horizon and, coming back into this country, into the White House, the State Department and Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox's office, and ending up somewhere in Kansas with what does an American farmer think?
—*Ralph Ingersoll in PM.*

No.

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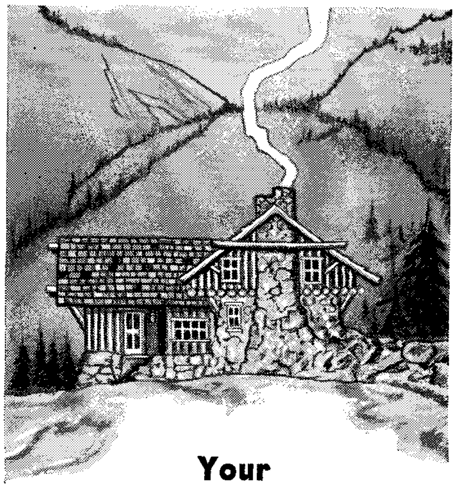
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

The Emile Zola Club will give a hillbilly dance at its center on Linwood Ave., on this Saturday evening.



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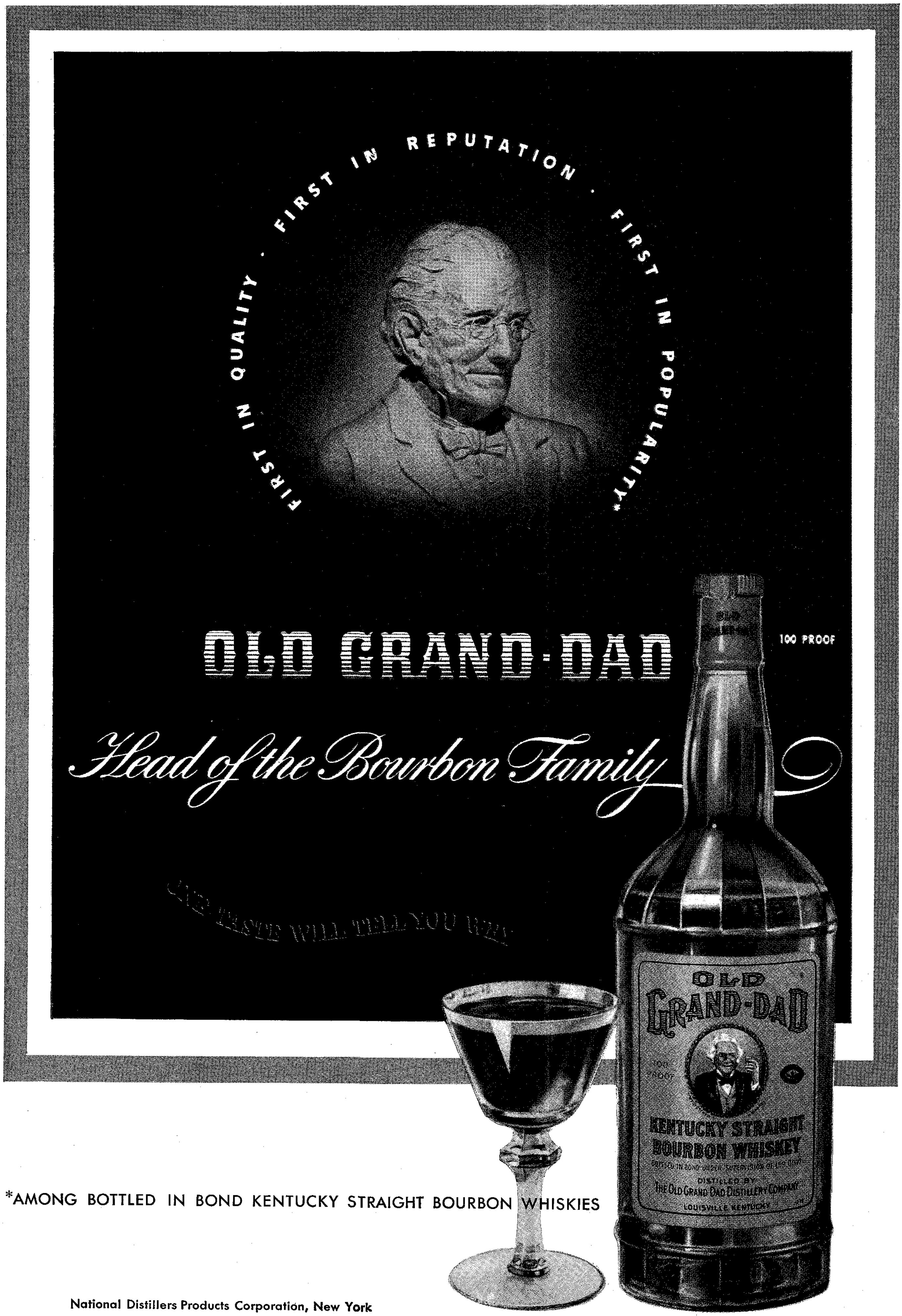
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